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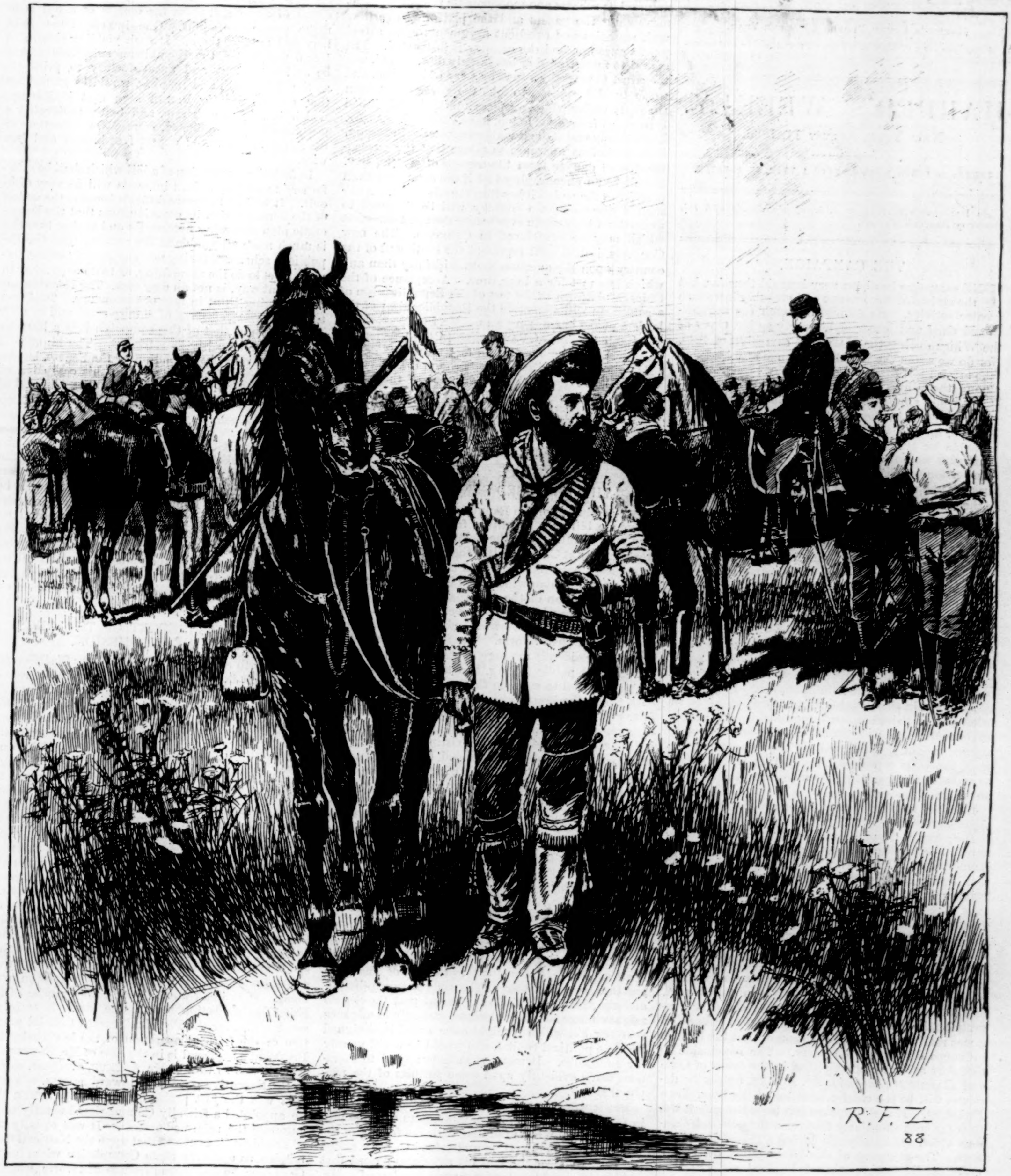

THE SCOUT.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 590.]

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE CAMPAIGN.

THE campaign has been very languid thus far, but the arrival of Mr. BLAINE will probably introduce greater activity. He returns as much the acknowledged chief and leader of his party as Mr. CLAY of the Whigs during the HARRISON campaign of 1840. Nor do we see in the Republican ranks any leader to take toward Mr. BLAINE the attitude of rivalry which among the Whigs Mr. WEBSTER held to Mr. CLAY. It is already announced that Mr. BLAINE will be Secretary of State in the event of General HARRISON'S election, an announcement which is not made less probable by the assertion also made that General HARRISON would be the chief of his administration, an assertion which implies a feeling that there is some question upon the point. The selection of Mr. BLAINE as the head of the Cabinet does not seem improbable, because neither his age nor his temperament would be supposed to incline him to the part of sage, and because the party would desire to see him in a conspicuous and controlling position in the administration of which the larger part of the party had hoped to see him the head. Unless Mr. BLAINE proposes to retire from active public life, the first natural result of the election of General HARRISON would be the appearance of President GARFIELD'S Secretary of State as head of the Cabinet. This, moreover, would be in accordance with the practice and tradition of party government. The leaders of the successful party are properly called into the administration. If the policy set forth in the Republican platform, which is, in brief, a more stringent tariff, repeal of internal taxes on luxuries, and a practical distribution of public money, should be approved by the country at the polls, the chief representatives of that policy would be expected to superintend its enforcement as advisers of the Chief Executive.

If indeed the nomination of General HARRISON had signified a change of sentiment, control, or tendency in the party, if it had meant that what is called Blaineism had been discarded, this expectation would not have existed. But such is not the situation. The nomination of General HARRISON was accepted by the BLAINE interest as the best possible when Mr. SHERMAN declined to yield for the nomination of Mr. BLAINE. That interest, however, was undoubtedly terribly disappointed and chagrined. The Convention was a BLAINE Convention, but the feeling that he would be a dangerous candidate for the party prevailed, and he was set aside even in an assembly which his supporters controlled. That was in itself a gain, and a result upon which the country could be congratulated. But it did not change the fact either that it was really a BLAINE Convention or that the BLAINE influence dominates the party. The conclusion is therefore again reasonable that in the event of General HARRISON'S election, Mr. BLAINE, unless he declines, will be the chief counsellor of the Republican President. If the campaign has been languid, it has thus far been singularly free from the personal scandals which are usually rife during a Presidential canvass. The resources of this kind against the Democratic candidate were exhausted in 1884, and while the "record" of General HARRISON is doubtless undergoing the closest scrutiny, nothing has yet been exposed which is personally detrimental to him. This is a fact of which every honorable American must be glad. No such man could rejoice that proof could be offered that a great party had nominated for the Presidency a candidate who was personally unworthy.

It is very long since there has been such a real debate as during this first fourth of the campaign. There is, indeed, a determined Republican resolution to misrepresent the issue as that of protection and free-trade. But this cannot prevent the discussion of the essential question, which is the reduction of the surplus by diminishing and repealing taxes either upon necessaries or upon luxuries. This inevitably leads to a consideration of economic principles, which has thus far been the staple of the campaign speeches. There is, indeed, plenty of perversion, of ridicule, and buncombe of every kind. The Democrats are depicted as American rebels trying to ruin American labor, and the laborers upon whom they depend for votes, in order to aggrandize England and promote English interests, without a solitary reason offered why they should wish to destroy themselves for the benefit of Englishmen. The Republicans are denounced as robbers and monopolistic monsters. But meanwhile the papers and the platforms overflow with statistics and excellent arguments upon a real public question, and the country is instructed. The appeal to mere tradition has largely disappeared, and the effort to scare the voters by a cry of bugaboo, and the natural hesitation to take the government from the party under whose auspices and leadership it had been saved from destruction, have vanished. As Mr. LODGE truly said at the Republican meeting in Boston, it is pernicious nonsense to allege that the government is in danger from the success of either party. It will be an encouraging fact if the campaign shall proceed to the end as it has thus far advanced. After such a discussion the country will be prepared to understand better than ever before the tariff measures which may be introduced in Congress. The new Congress, indeed, will represent the sentiment of the country upon the question more faithfully than any which has met for a long time. Acceptance of the Chicago platform as the test of the Republicanism of a candidate will supersede the Republicanism of the leaders of the last dozen years. Mr. SHEPARD, in his admirable memoir of VAN BUREN in the "American Statesmen Series," recalls the fact that VAN BUREN refused to vote for CASS on the ground that the Convention had rejected the old doctrine of the Democratic party in regard to the power of Congress to prohibit slavery in a Territory. Like some eminent Republicans in this campaign, Mr. VAN BUREN decided for himself what to regard as the true party doctrine.

THE PROPOSED SENATE BILL.

THE resolution of the Republican Senators to offer a revenue bill as a substitute for the House bill is very significant. It is the acknowledgment of the great blunder at Chicago. It is the confession that the Republican managers are afraid to conduct the campaign upon the plan which they had laid down. It is the recognition of the fact that the country does not demand free whiskey, nor enormous expenditures, nor the taxation of necessaries and raw materials, but does demand tariff reform. The Senators see at last that the President's message appealed to a profound and general public feeling, and at the last moment they are forced to concede that the cry of free-trade with which the Republicans began the contest was a false cry. The condition of the Republican party is illustrated by the simple fact that at the Convention it declared absolutely that the existing protective system must be maintained unchanged, that whiskey and tobacco should be freed from taxation rather than that the tax on a single protected article should be touched, and that five weeks after the Convention that declaration so plainly threatens defeat that the Senate proposes to try to save the election by abandoning the platform. The fatal inconsistency of the Republican position in 1884 with that of 1888 has been amply stated. Elsewhere in these columns it is illustrated from the declaration of Massachusetts leaders in 1884, and the Executive messages and reports and Congressional speeches of Republicans all show the same thing. But the discord is now greater. The Republican Representatives in Congress decided that it was better not to oppose the MILLS bill by a Republican substitute, but to trust to the cry of free-trade and the scare of low wages. The party press acquiesced, and the New York *Tribune*, fearful that the Senate might change the issue, declared strongly in advance that any bill which it might offer would be designed to make political capital, and would be a bill merely for buncombe. It was a strenuous appeal to Senators, made evidently upon some surmise of the proposed action.

But it was an appeal in vain. Mr. ALLISON, who in former years, we believe, was not an extreme protectionist, and who is familiar with the feeling of the Republican Northwest, is understood to have stated the case so strongly that his associates agreed that some measure of tariff reform must be adopted. Mr. REED says that the Democrats are about four years in coming up to the Republican position. But on this question of the campaign, revision of the tariff, the Republicans have been only about seven months in coming to the President's position. He said last December that tariff revision was necessary to reduce the surplus. The Republican reply was free whiskey and tobacco rather than tariff revision. But in July the Republican Senators declare that the tariff must be revised. This cannot be done, however, without abandoning the Chicago platform. The sugar duty, for instance, is protective. But if it should be reduced fifty per cent., a part of the protective system would be touched, despite the Chicago declaration of the sanctity of existing duties. If to avoid revising the tariff, which is the Democratic demand, the Republicans should propose to repeal the entire internal revenue system, as the platform suggests, they now see that to ask the country to take free whiskey and tobacco rather than cheap clothes, blankets, lumber, and raw material, is to invite defeat. Moreover, the tariff is a question of great and diverse pecuniary interest among Republicans and in Republican communities. It is not, as slavery was, a remote and indirect interest, except to the Slave States. The condition of agreement upon the details of a bill is to make great concessions. One interest must yield here and another there. If such yielding should be found practicable, the Republican substitute would be as inconsistent and unsatisfactory to principle as the MILLS bill, and nothing would be gained on that score. Senator PLUMB says that if Kansas, which is raising sorghum, and hopes to develop a prosperous sugar industry, concedes a reduction of the sugar tax, it would expect free lumber and free wire.

In fact, the preparation of a bill which shall be satisfactory to all Republican interests will be very difficult. It will be the more difficult because the action of the Senate shows its consciousness that the Democratic plan of freeing necessaries and taxing luxuries is much more acceptable to the country than the Republican scheme of taxing necessaries and freeing luxuries. Yet to do the same thing, or to do even more in a different way, is not an easy task. The Republicans are changing front in face of the enemy. That fact shows the consciousness of a false start, and in such a discussion as that of this campaign it is a blunder which cannot readily be retrieved. The blunder is proved not only by the action of the Senate, but by the withdrawal from the party in this campaign of Republicans who upon the old Republican ground of a moderate tariff would have remained, as they much preferred to remain, within the party. Mr. HENRY GOAR, a veteran Indiana Republican, who proposes to support Mr. CLEVELAND, says: "I have voted the Republican ticket for twenty-eight years. I do not desert my party or its principles, but they desert me." Professor NORTON, of Cambridge, says that he is too loyal to old Republican principles to support the present platform. The remark is common, "I am a Republican who could not vote with the party in 1884 because of the candidate, and I cannot vote with it now because of the platform." This all indicates a changing and unadjusted position of parties and an unprecedented political independence.

THE FOURTH REPORT OF THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

THE fourth report of the United States Civil Service Commission is one of the most important of recent public papers. It covers the period from January 16, 1886, to the beginning of the fiscal year July 1, 1887, and henceforth the report will comprise the history of each fiscal year. The present paper is compactly written, filling 143 pages of the usual official form. It will not, of course, be generally read, although we earnestly wish that certain parts of it might be universally seen by the country. But every person who is well informed upon the subject, and who has given it careful attention, will recognize the report as one of the most valuable contributions to the exposition of the question. It shows the entire sincerity of the Commission, and the reader, as he marks the candor and precision with which objections are stated, and the force and completeness with which they are demolished, and the principles and results of the reform indicated, will reflect almost with incredulity that this is the report of a Democratic Commission assailing and destroying in the argument the entire spoils system. The document, of course, deals with a definite law and the detailed methods of its enforcement. It is not concerned with the exercise of the Executive discretion beyond the law. It is in no sense a plea for the President, except that its narrative of the faithful operation of the law under the President's approval is in the case of Mr. CLEVELAND what it was in that of Mr. ARTHUR, a tribute, so far, to the Executive good faith toward reform.

It was the just praise of President ARTHUR that he appointed a friendly Commission honestly to inaugurate the reformed system. It was equally true of President CLEVELAND that upon the National Commission, as upon the State Commission when he was Governor, he has placed friends of reform, with the exception of Mr. EDGERTON, who was, we believe, recommended by the late Chief-Justice WAITE. Mr. OBERLY and Mr. LYMAN are the majority of the Commission, and no one who knows them doubts that

with them its interests are secure. Bearing in mind, then, that the report deals with the enforcement of the law, it is conclusive and reassuring as to the beneficent reform which has been already effected within its scope, and of the actual progress which has been attained. The first portion of the report is devoted to instructive statistics, which show the extent of the work and the futility of apprehensions in regard to such points as the age and character of applicants, distribution among the States, number of veterans, and all the various details of the practical application of the rules. The facts are stated not perfunctorily, but with great intelligence, and with the purpose of showing both the reasons and the results. The question of examination for promotion is elaborately considered. Its object is well stated to be the exclusion of unfit persons from the possibility of promotion, and the reduction of the effects of influence to a minimum. The argument for compulsory examination and for certification of the whole eligible list is presented at length, with Mr. LYMAN'S dissent from the latter provision. Practically, as a method of weeding out incompetency from a service where it is largely filled by incompetency, compulsion may be desirable. But in a properly appointed service it does not follow that a man is unfit for a lower place because he is not qualified for a higher of the same general kind.

The treatment in the report of the subject of classification, which is a cardinal point in the effective operation of the system, is thorough and admirable. The want of proper classification has constantly offered temptations and opportunities for evasions of the law, for complaints of injustice, incredulity of honest enforcement, and very serious perplexities. A simple and general system is now proposed which would secure a uniform operation of the rules, and put an end to the pressure for appointment to unclassified places. This is an effective advance of reform. The report closes with an able and conclusive disposition, drawn from the actual results of reform, of the ordinary objections to it, and with a summary of the great results already attained by the reformed system. We cannot recommend a better tonic than this report to the friends of reform who are inclined to be despondent over its prospects. The hold which it has acquired in the classified service; the unquestionable improvement of many kinds which it has produced; the profound and favorable change of public sentiment in regard to it; the transparent folly and ludicrous demagogism of the opposition to it; the universal public scrutiny of the exercise of the appointing and removing power in the subordinate service—all attest its vigor and its progress. The report of the Commission, by its sincere tone, its ability, and its instructive details, will greatly aid the good work.

THE NEW AQUEDUCT COMMISSION.

MAYOR HEWITT'S selection of Aqueduct Commissioners not only secures the most competent and trusty men for a great public work, but it is a signal illustration of the value of an upright, capable, intelligent, and public-spirited citizen in an important executive office. Mr. HEWITT is a man of unusual ability, of thorough training in business and in public affairs, and of remarkable independence, as his official action in the Mayor's office has proved. It is doubtful if New York, since DE WITT CLINTON, has had a better Mayor. His official administration shows what might be gained if a fitting and qualified candidate were always selected, and his election assured by a non-partisan vote.

On the other hand, it is almost impossible that a Mayor nominated by the usual party machinery and elected under a party cry should be as competent and satisfactory as Mr. HEWITT. He is, indeed, a strong party man, and he was nominated by a party organization. But the circumstances of the election were such that party lines were largely disregarded. A large Republican vote was cast for him, and a large Democratic vote for HENRY GEORGE. Moreover, Mr. HEWITT'S good sense and his perception of the nature and conditions of a municipal government, as well as the mixed political character of the vote, have united to secure his independence. There has been no more wholesome and manly act in our politics for many years than his declination to review the procession on St. Patrick's Day, and his insistence that only the American flag should fly upon the City Hall. If others choose to truckle for a special vote, he does not, and the result is unquestionably that his general vote would be larger than ever before. Our public life tends to develop such timidity and servility that a strong, able, and independent executive officer recalls the ideal which cheered the founders of our government, and so long as the intelligence of the people is uncorrupted, such an official career as that of Mayor HEWITT will commend a man to universal respect and confidence.

The contrast not only between the late and the present Board of Aqueduct Commissioners, but between the motives and methods of their appointment, is exceedingly striking. The change in the law was admitted by Mr. FISH to be designed as a party job, and it was accomplished by a party deal. The facts revealed by the investigation forced a complete change, and intrusted it to the Mayor. Besides himself, the Comptroller, and the Commissioner of Public Works, who were made members of the Board by the law, the Mayor has appointed General DUANE, a most accomplished engineer; Mr. FRANCIS M. SCOTT, an admirable lawyer and Assistant Counsel of the Corporation; Mr. JOHN J. TUCKER, a builder of the highest character and of great experience; and Mr. WALTER HOWE, one of the ablest and most serviceable representatives which the city ever had in the Legislature, a citizen of great administrative ability, and of deep interest and large experience in public affairs. The selection of such a Board for an important public work of the city of New York is one of the most encouraging signs of the latent health of our political system. Reform is but a general name for the purpose, and the effort of making such officers the rule and not the exception.

PRESERVATION OF THE FORESTS.

THE direct loss to the people of this country by timber burned, stolen, and wasted upon the public lands amounts to several millions of dollars annually, as the reports of the Forestry Division of the Department of Agriculture show. The question is so important that it has led to the formation of Forestry Associations among public-spirited citizens, of which that in Pennsylvania is very active and efficient. The Committee on Public Lands reported to the House of Representatives a bill, No. 7901, which, with excellent intention, did not provide the necessary remedy.

The defects were remedied in another bill, No. 6045, which provides for permanent forest reserves to be administered for the benefit of the people, under the charge of a Commissioner, with a proper body of subordinates. The methods proposed are thus stated:

"To select from the public domain such lands as are better suited to forest growth than to any other purpose, especially lands lying about the head waters of mountain streams, and to keep them as permanent forests, carefully guarded from spoliation and destruction.

"To sell the merchantable timber on these lands whenever it is to the advantage of the government to do so, all cutting to be done under the direction of a government officer, and with a due regard to the preservation of a new growth of trees.

"To make all unauthorized cutting and all other injury to these forests criminally punishable.

"To have a sufficient body of forest guards to manage these public estates upon the most approved system, and to enforce the law against all offenders, whether individuals or corporations."

The appropriation asked for is $500,000, which is regarded by the association as a small outlay for the necessary work, and an expense which would be repaid many times over in the value of the timber saved to the government. The reserves could be made not only self-supporting, but a permanent source of revenue.

Unfortunately the bill 7901 has passed the House, very possibly from the want of interest and clear understanding among the members. But the Senate bill 1779 is identical with the better House bill 6045, and timely representation may secure its passage, thus amending the House bill by striking out the sections which are inconsistent with the Senate bill. The defects of the bill as passed by the House are the want of restrictions upon methods of cutting, and of provisions against fire and theft before the wood is sold. Moreover, it authorizes the President at his discretion to reserve timber lands to be protected, but it furnishes no means of protection except military force, which is not a proper means. The subject is worthy of careful attention in the press, in farmers' clubs, and in letters to members of Congress. There are no "politics" in it, but it is a matter of great importance to the public welfare.

A TRUE WORD.

THE *National Baptist* says with truth and significance—and its words may be profitably pondered by those who distrust principle and conviction as motives in politics:

"It was Sunday-school politics which spoke through the initial number of Mr. GARRISON'S *Liberator*, which walked by the side of JOHN BROWN on his way to the gallows, which inspired LINCOLN as he spoke at Gettysburg and as he uttered his second Inaugural. It was Sunday-school politics which launched the *Mayflower* and which created America. It was Sunday-school politics which made the nation great, which made the nation free, which fought at Gettysburg and conquered at Appomattox. It is Sunday-school politics that will yet rule the hour, if we are to have a future. And the party or the nation or the paper which sneers at Sunday-school politics may well fear that God has no further use for it."

THE LATE CENTENARY AT POUGHKEEPSIE.

THE centennial of the ratification of the Constitution of the United States by the State of New York was duly celebrated at Poughkeepsie on the 26th of July. It was in Poughkeepsie that the State Convention sat over which GEORGE CLINTON presided, and of which HAMILTON and JAY and MELANCHTHON SMITH and JOHN LANSING were conspicuous members. The influence of HAMILTON was undoubtedly very great, and his arguments were very persuasive even with so able an antagonist as MELANCHTHON SMITH, whose magnanimity was equal to his ability. That the Convention met at Poughkeepsie is the chief distinction of that pleasant town, and its anniversary was observed with great enthusiasm.

The action of the New Hampshire Convention two or three days before had secured the adoption of the Constitution. But if New York and Virginia had declined to ratify, the overpowering sense of practical unanimity, which was of the utmost moral value to the movement, would have been lost. North Carolina and Rhode Island hesitated, but the happy beginning of the great enterprise was due mainly to three circumstances: the virtual unanimity of the ratification, the character and ascendency of WASHINGTON, and the loyalty of the opponents of the scheme.

The conduct of WASHINGTON as President was so singularly wise, his extraordinary genius for affairs was so plainly demonstrated, and his whole course was so dominated by his lofty character, that the feeling of a certain Providential ascendency was never more justified than in this period of his career. In organizing the government of a nation without a precedent in history he made no serious mistake, he said and did nothing which the most patriotic American would lament or recall. It is one of the happy incidents of such occasions as the celebration at Poughkeepsie that they refresh the recollection of the fathers of the country, and by a closer study of their conduct and character and ability justify the affectionate veneration in which they are held.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

THE *Epoch*, which supports Mr. CLEVELAND as the candidate who stands upon the best platform, and whose election promises most for political progress, says, plainly and frankly:

"A 'Reader of the *Epoch*' asks us whether so thoroughly independent a paper as the *Epoch* can approve of GROVER CLEVELAND as a civil service reformer. To this we emphatically state 'No.' We certainly look upon President CLEVELAND'S civil service record as unsatisfactory, and quite inconsistent with the courage he has displayed in other matters."

If this were the sole question to be considered, and if the character and conduct of Republican politicians promised greater consistency in the prosecution of reform, the *Epoch* would probably not support Mr. CLEVELAND.

A SOUTHERN VIEW.

"EAST POINT, LOUISIANA, *July* 21, 1888.

"*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

"As a reader, of twenty years' standing, of your valuable WEEKLY, I venture to suggest, from a Southern stand-point, that the administration of President CLEVELAND has done more in three years to harmonize and unify the people of the whole country than all political causes combined since the close of the late war. Why? It is not a sectional administration. The people of the United States have outlived sectionalism and the war. We have immigrants in Louisiana from every Northern State, and our trade relations bring us into intimate contact with the business men of every State in the Union, and we think as much of a Boston or New York firm as we do of one in New Orleans. Why? Through our mail and transportation facilities we are only two or three days farther off, and in the exchange of our commodities there is perfect confidence and mutual advantage; and the fraternal pledges lately enjoyed on the historic field of Gettysburg are in exact contrast with the spirit of 1860.

"General GRANT on his death-bed represented the Northern sentiment we meet every day in our business relations—peace. General LEE advised nothing else after Appomattox. Every thinking man you meet North or South reflects the peace idea. President CLEVELAND reflects it. Peace means business. Business means, in politics, civil service reform; and politics, in business, means President CLEVELAND again."

PERSONAL.

THE dying request of EDWARD E. MUNCH was a curious one. He not only desired that his body should be incinerated at the Long Island Crematorium, but he asked that his ashes be scattered over the flower beds beside the retort. His wish has been complied with, and for days this last sign of his mortality was plainly discernible on the leaves and blooms of the flowers there.

—Mrs. JEANNETTE THURBER, whose energy did so much for the American Opera Company, has joined with New York friends to found a park with cozy cottages in the Catskills.

—JOHN H. INMAN is credited in Wall Street with having made $1,500,000 for himself and friends through the rise in the price of cotton this summer.

—CALVIN S. BRICE, who is now reputed to be worth $20,000,000, being a recognized leader in American financial and railway circles, was an Ohio lawyer with no fortune but a keen mind and industry only a bare dozen years ago.

—Queen VICTORIA imports a new cargo of Indian servants every month or two, whereat the rest of the English royal household are much displeased, while the British lackeys at Osborne and Balmoral are in high dudgeon over slights thus imposed.

—General BEAUREGARD, now seventy-one years old, lays down the official cares that he has been bearing at New Orleans, in order to enjoy a tour through Europe.

—Heirs of WILLIAM PENN in England have brought suit to gain possession of the public park of Easton, Pennsylvania. The "square" was given by PENN for the purpose of erecting thereon a court-house, "and for no other purpose." As the years have gone by, the court-house has been abandoned, and a handsome public park created. The English PENNS now demand possession, on the ground of a violation of the contract vesting the title in the town. The square now has a large money value.

—It is said that in one day, just before Governor HILL commuted the death sentence of CHIARA CIGNARALE to life imprisonment, over $200 worth of flowers were received at the Tombs for her, the gifts of sentimental sympathizers, not one of whom ever saw the Italian murderess.

—Portland, Oregon, has caught the fever too. Not content with merely electing women representatives to the local School Board, that town has made Miss ELLA C. SABIN the City Superintendent of Education. Miss SABIN has been a public-school teacher hitherto, and thus was politics and male domination put to rout by experience and femininity.

—JAMES R. KEENE, whose failure, involving many millions of dollars, gave Wall Street a panic a few years ago, is forging to the front as an influential speculator again. Stock-Exchange gossips insist that he is on the verge of being a millionnaire again.

—JAY GOULD is negotiating for a $200,000 residence at Saratoga.

—The appointment of the Rev. WARREN A. CANDLER at the age of thirty-two years as the President of Emory College, in Georgia, prompted the remark in a recent issue that he was "perhaps the youngest college president in the world." This distinction rightfully belongs to the Rev. DE WITT W. HYDE, President of Bowdoin University. He is under thirty years of age, and has held his present post for over three years.

—A short time before his death, the late FRANK HOLL, the distinguished English artist, painted the portraits of Mr. J. PIERPONT MORGAN, Mr. W. K. VANDERBILT, and Mr. CHARLES LANIER. The finishing touches were put to Mr. VANDERBILT'S only two days before the artist was overtaken by the illness which proved fatal. A sketch of Mr. HOLL by M. PAUL RENOUARD appeared in HARPER'S BAZAR June 16th.

SENATOR FRANK HISCOCK, OF NEW YORK.

SENATOR JAMES Z. GEORGE, OF MISSISSIPPI.

REPRESENTATIVE NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN SENATORS.—Drawn by P. Renouard.—[See Page 591.]

SELLING "AUCTION POOLS" ON A HORSE-RACE.—Drawn by Frederick Barnard.—[See Page 598.]

SCOUTING ON THE FRONTIER.

In every campaign against hostile Indians it is customary to employ scouts, one or more of whom are attached to each command in the field. The duties which devolve upon them are of the most trying character, and it is frequently the case that upon their courage and skill depend the lives of a whole detachment of troops. It has been found by actual experience that the regular soldier makes a very poor scout, although he may have been for years engaged in Indian warfare. This is owing to the fact that a private has limited opportunities for becoming acquainted with the country, or learning the tricks and deceptions employed by all savage tribes in their wars. The strict discipline of army life accustoms him to acting only when commanded by his officers, and he loses that feeling of self-reliance and independence which is so natural with the scout. Again, the small pay of an enlisted man, coupled with the hopelessness of promotion or recognition of any kind, offers no incentive for him to incur risks which he can avoid, and it is seldom that he can be induced to make long or dangerous rides alone. The men employed as scouts are usually those who have spent their lives upon the plains or in the mountain districts. They must be familiar with the country, know each landmark, and be able to travel by the shortest route, during either the night or day. They must know every water-hole, every good grazing-ground, and be thoroughly acquainted with all the methods of Indian warfare.

It is customary for the scout to ride some distance in advance of the command to which he is attached, and he is expected to see, but not to be seen himself. He must keep well posted as to the movements of the Indians, so that he can follow them closely and at the same time guard against surprise. The most dangerous scouting is in the rugged mountain ranges of the Southwest, for here the great bowlders and detached masses of rock afford innumerable hiding-places for hostile bands. It is many times next to impossible to discover the presence of even large bodies of Indians, or to guard against running into ambush. The Apaches take advantage of the natural formation of the country, and by their own cunning and artifices still further increase the difficulties of locating them. They glide from place to place under cover of the rocks with the stealthy movements of a serpent, and divest themselves of all clothing except a dingy breech clout, so that at a little distance their dusky bodies present scarcely an outline against the background of dark brown rocks.

In passing through a mountain range a scout always dismounts before he reaches the crest of a hill or ridge, and creeping to a point from which he can obtain a good view, carefully scans the descending slope. He fully satisfies himself that the way is clear before he crosses the summit, for in doing so he must come in plain view of any one who may be beyond. If the route lies through some rocky gorge or deep ravine, flankers are thrown out on each side of the trail, who climb to the tops of the highest peaks and carefully scrutinize every rock and gulch below. When there is reason to believe that Indians are lying in wait somewhere in the cañon, every precaution is taken to prevent a surprise. A striking illustration of the methods employed in such emergencies occurred during the campaign against Geronimo in 1886. The noted scout Tom Horn, with a party of seven men, was passing through the Canonca Mountains, on his way to join the American troops operating in northern Mexico. The trail led through the Jaralita Cañon, one of the most dangerous passes in the mountains. Just before entering this defile, Horn, who was riding ahead, discovered a fresh Indian trail crossing the beaten trail at right angles, and leading up into the mountains. After a careful examination of the tracks and the direction in which the trail led, he decided that there were some twenty Indians in the party, and that they had selected a route along the backbone of the range, from which point they could see any one entering the cañon. He knew that the presence of his little band would undoubtedly be discovered, and he accordingly prepared to meet anything which might occur. The men were told to carefully examine their weapons to see if they were properly loaded and in good working order. The saddles were sinched up, and the lariats thrown loose and allowed to drag on the ground, so that the animals could be easily secured in case it became necessary to dismount. The party, with rifles thrown across the horns of their saddles, then entered the cañon, one at a time, allowing the distance of about one hundred yards to intervene between the riders. In this way the line stretched out to nearly a thousand yards, making it impossible for the Indians to fire upon more than one man at a time. The party passed through the cañon in safety, but when Geronimo surrendered, a few months later, it was learned from the Indians themselves that they were lying in wait in the cañon, and saw the men as they passed. Had they taken no precautions, and started through in close order, the whole party would undoubtedly have been killed.

All of the shrewdness and good judgment of the scout is needed in selecting the place for a camp overnight. The plan which is generally pursued is to go into camp several hours before dark, and prepare the evening meal. If there are Indians in the vicinity they will surely locate the camp, for if they were not already watching the troops, the smoke from the fires would be very apt to attract attention. If Indians locate a camp, in the evening, they will crawl close to it, and make an attack at daylight the next morning. It is therefore very necessary to deceive, or at least to confuse, them; so when the evening meal has been finished the fires are put out, and after darkness has set in the command saddles up and moves off to some other camping-ground several miles distant, where the animals are herded, guards posted, and no fires allowed. The position usually selected for a camp is just over the crest of a hill, so that a good view of the surrounding country can be had. Experienced scouts never get out of reach of their guns under any circumstances. If they dismount for a moment to rest their horses, or stop to get a drink of water, the rifle is always taken from its scabbard and carried in one hand. Indians find out very quickly when they are being followed by good scouts, and when this is the case they avoid a fight as long as it is possible to do so.

Every scout is supposed to be a good trailer, and to be expert in this line requires certain natural qualifications as well as careful practice. Keen eyesight, quick perception, and retentive memory are the principal requisites, and it is a well-known fact that some men become good trailers in a remarkably short space of time, while others never learn, no matter what their opportunities may have been. As a scout rides along the trail, his eyes for an instant rest upon the ground beneath his feet, and then quickly sweep over the rocks or plains around him. In this way he notes any sign along the trail or detects any movement within the range of vision.

In travelling over a country where there are no roads or beaten trails he must carefully note each prominent landmark, tree, or rock, so that he can pass the same way again if it is necessary to do so. In following the trail of a hostile band there is no guide but the marks which have been left behind, and these, when carefully studied, tell a story as plainly as if written in black and white. The tracks made by the animals show whether they were horses, mules, or burros. If the animals are shod, it is easy to tell by the impressions made on the ground to whom they belong, for the Mexicans use one kind of shoe, the Americans another, and the regular army has still another style which is peculiarly its own. The relative positions of the tracks made by the four feet of an animal show whether it was going in a walk, a trot, or a run, and the clearness with which the feet are lifted from the ground tells if it was fresh or tired. A worn-out animal makes a mark by dragging the point of the hoof against the ground, and also occasionally stumbles and slides. It is frequently the case that the trail of an animal is found under circumstances which make it uncertain as to whether or not it carried a rider; but a short investigation will always tell the story. An animal left to itself will stop occasionally to graze, while one with a rider keeps straight on its way. The manner in which the grass is cropped off will show if the animal had a bit in its mouth, and the freshness of the trail will show what time had elapsed since it had been made. An instance of a scout's astuteness in trailing came under the observation of the writer a short while ago. A party of soldiers were passing through a valley in southern Arizona on their way to Fort Bowie. They went into camp for the night, and a heavy rain came up, obliterating every sign of a trail. The scout along with the party struck a bee-line for the post, guided by a tall peak which was barely discernible in the distance. In a short while the party came upon the newly made trail of two mules running in the same direction in which they were travelling. The tracks of the mules were side by side, and they were evidently going at a trot. Everything indicated that two persons were making for the fort, as the animals had kept steadily on their way, and never changed their positions of going abreast. After following the trail some distance the scout remarked to the officer in command that the mules had no riders on them, and when asked how he knew it, replied that they were running too close together to leave room for two men's legs between them. The party finally overtook the mules, and it was found that they had strayed from the post, and were tied neck and neck with a stout rope, which kept them abreast all the time and prevented their stopping to graze.

In order to be expert in trailing, a scout has to study the habits of animals, as in this way he frequently obtains valuable information. A cattle trail on the open plains indicates in which direction water is to be found; for range cattle always go in single file and keep in one trail on their way to water, while on coming from it they stray out of the beaten track and graze around as they go. The direction in which the scattering tracks point is always away from the water. Life is frequently saved and dangers avoided by noting the actions of horses or mules; for these animals are, through some instinct, enabled to detect the approach of other animals long before a man would be apt to observe them. It is a common belief in the Southwest that mules can detect the presence of an Indian by their acute sense of smell.

When engaged in the pursuit of hostile bands the scout is constantly called upon to exercise the greatest vigilance to keep from being outwitted. Sometimes, when closely pressed, the Indians will scatter in all directions, and it then becomes necessary to take up one trail and follow it until the band comes together again. This is tedious and trying work; and when a trail is lost, the scout must circle around to the right and left until it is found again. To deceive their pursuers, Indians will frequently travel in single file, all stepping in the same tracks which are made by the one in advance. During the rainy season they will select their route along the bed of some ravine, knowing that the first flow of water will obliterate every sign. A favorite trick of the Apaches was to ride as far as they could go into some box cañon, then abandon their horses and scale the sides of the cliffs. In this way the troops could not follow them without also abandoning their own stock and going on foot.

One of the hardest and most dangerous duties which the scout has to perform is the carrying of despatches backward and forward between the military posts and the troops in the field. When sent on such missions he invariably goes alone, and his rides are often for hundreds of miles through an almost unknown and hostile country. Some scouts prefer to travel through an Indian country during the night-time, and keep hidden away during the day; but night rides can only be made by those who are thoroughly acquainted with the trails over which they must pass. It is an error to suppose that the genuine scout is always a long-haired man, for the fact is that most of the scouts who have been employed during late years wear their hair cut close in regulation military style. The wearing of long hair seems to have been the result of circumstances rather than of choice, as in former times there were few barbers on the frontier, and often many months would elapse before a man in active service would have an opportunity to either shave or have his hair cut. Indians as a rule admire long hair, and have more respect for a man whose locks hang down over his shoulders. For this reason some of the older scouts refuse to have their hair cut; but now that barbers' shops are to be found at every post, scouts are generally as clean-shaven and as short-haired as any other class of men.

Taken as a whole, the life of a scout is a dangerous and precarious existence, fraught with innumerable hardships, and devoid of nearly everything that is happy or bright. The business of guarding the lives and interests of other people is a thankless task which seldom meets with any reward, and a scout's declining years are usually marked by penury and want. In most cases his last resting-place is an unkept grave in some lonely spot, and his only monument a rude head-board upon which his name is scrawled.

William M. Edwardy.

THE CAP'N'S MONNYMENT.

"My father was a Spanish merchant,
And before he went to sea
He told me to be sure and answer
No to all you said to me!"

"Well! ef we ain't here too early, arfter all! That's what comes o' livin' so fur from the meetin'-house, an' havin' no clocks you can depend on! Week days it don't matter so much; I can kinder keep straight by the fact'ry whistles. Well, it 'll give us a chance ter step inter the graveyard. A good many o' the monnyments have been put up sense you was here. They're mostly alike, all 'cept old Cap'n Broadus's—he was bound ter have something different. He picked his'n out hisself, an' had it put up 'fore he died, ter make sure there wa'n't no mistake 'bout it. That's his'n over there—a female figger holdin' a urn. Some folks would have it 'twas a goblet, an' said considerin' he'd kep' somebody a-standin' round with a glass ready for him all his life, he might 'a' dispensed with it when he come ter be dead; but he was a dreadful peculiar man, an' he didn't have many friends. Didn't you never hear how he sarved his darter? Law, now we've got time 'nough, we'll jest set down on this bench, in the shade, an' I'll tell ye 'bout it, while we're waitin'; the fust bell 'ain't but jest rung.

"How pretty them moss-pinks look, growin' over there on Myra Pratt's grave! Will Rogers planted 'em there. He was keepin' comp'ny with her when she died. Folks said he was 'most distracted; but land! men git over sich things!—he's goin' ter marry Fanny Scott next week. He's bought the Dunn farm, an' they're goin' ter set up there. But I was tellin' you 'bout Cap'n Broadus.

"He was a great, rough, red-faced, black-bearded man, with a voice like a clap o' thunder. He was Cap'n o' one o' the big steamers runnin' out o' New York, an' he'd bin in sailin' vessels 'fore that. He'd bin in the Chiny trade, an' I don't know what not. He'd bin all over the world, but wherever he went he bore the same character—a dreadful rough man an' dreadful profane. I shouldn't think 'twas right ter tell sich a story on the Sabbath, ef there want sich a lesson ter be larned by it.

"'Twas curus ter see the Cap'n an' his darter together. You'd never 'a' thought they was related; but she took arfter her mother, I've been told, who died when she was born.

"Do you know them little delicate flowers we find 'bout the middle o' May growin' in sheltered corners, under the rocks an' bushes—pure white, jest streaked a little, sometimes, with pink on the edges?—they have little slender stems, an' they tremble an' quiver at the leastest thing. We call 'em wind-flowers in our part o' the country, an' I never could look at Alice Broadus without thinkin' on 'em.

"Well, you'd s'posed, pretty as Alice was, an' rich as the Cap'n was knowed ter be, there'd bin no end o' fellers hangin' round her, like bees round a honeysuckle; but the truth on't was, they was all so scart o' the Cap'n, an' Alice herself was so took up a-tryin' ter please him, an' keep him from gittin' mad at folks while he was home, an' when he was gone a-tryin' to git braced up an' ready for his next visit, that she didn't have no time ter think o' nothin' else. Ef you never see the Cap'n, you can't have no idee the sort o' man he was. He'd stan' an' swear till he was black in the face when anything put him out.

"But the young men got the idee that Alice was stuck up, an' felt herself 'bove 'em 'count o' her money an' eddication; for the Cap'n said he'd 'complish her, an' he did—she played on the pianner beautiful. But they didn't like it 'cause she never noticed 'em—'stead o' bein' thankful, as they'd orter bin. She had a queer slow way o' liftin' her eyelids, as ef her long black lashes was so heavy she couldn't hardly git 'em high 'nough ter see from under; but when she *did* git 'em up—well, she reely did have the sweetest eyes I ever see in a girl's face, an' they had such a innercent, appealin' look. I s'pose she got it tryin' ter pacify the Cap'n. But she never needed ter try it twice on nobody, an' one young feller found it out ter his cost; but 'twas all the Cap'n's fault it happened.

"He was home one Sabbath, uglier'n usual, swearin' at everybody an' everything, high an' low, an' he kep' it up all the mornin' tell he was fairly in meetin'—he allers went ter meetin', reg'lar's could be.

"Well, he sot there in his pew, his eyes rangin' round, spyin' out sunthin' ter find fault with, when all ter once they lighted on Stan Purdy—Square Purdy's son, you know. He'd bin off studyin' ter be a doctor, an' had jest come home for a little vacation 'fore he begun ter practise. He was a good-lookin' young feller.

"Well, *he* was settin' there lookin' too—an' it jest shows how folks git into trouble when they spend their time starin' round in meetin', 'stead o' payin' 'tention ter the minister.

"But Stan, he'd bin lookin' at the Cap'n, an' thinkin' what a curus old critter he was, an' how his darter didn't look much like him; an' then, as was nat'ral, he looked at Alice, an' his eyes hadn't fairly lighted on her when the Cap'n turned an' caught him. It seemed ez ef that was what the old feller'd bin waitin' for. He riz right up in his seat, his eyes rollin' in his head, an' he took Alice by the arm, an' he marched right down the aisle, out o' meetin', an' as he passed the Purdys' pew he glared so Stan thought he was goin' ter have a fit, an' didn't know but 'twas his dooty ter foller on arfter an' 'tend ter him; but 'twas jest as well he didn't.

"The Cap'n made straight for home, usin' most awful language. He said he knowed now why Alice was allus so anxious ter go ter meetin'. An' 'twa'n't no use for her ter tell him—what was the livin' truth—that she didn't know Stan Purdy from Tom Nokes, an' hadn't never sot eyes on him. He wouldn't b'lieve her.

"He had ter go ter the city that night, lucky for her, for she was clear wore out; but ye couldn't blame her that next Sabbath she *did* look over ter the Purdys' pew, ter see who 'twas the Cap'n made sich a fuss 'bout; an' Stan, rememberin' how the Cap'n had acted the week afore, looked 'cross at her jest as she looked at him.

"Well, I'm too old a woman ter go inter all the particulars o' *that* part o' the story. Young folks will be young folks ter the end o' time; an' we all know how 'twas with ourselves. But ef Alice had had a hard time afore, she had a wus one now; 'twas bad 'nough ter have a hot an' hasty old father, but when you come ter have a hot an' hasty young lover ez well, things git complicated.

"Stan wa'n't 'fraid of the Cap'n; he didn't care a cent for his temper an' his talk, an' he loved Alice for all he was wuth. He couldn't see no reason why he should be sacrificed ter the Cap'n's whims. There wa'n't the fust thing 'bout him for nobody ter object ter in a son-in-law; he was studdy, an' he had good connections, an' there was money both sides o' the house. He meant ter have Alice, an' he knowed ef he didn't git her consent 'fore the Cap'n got home, he wouldn't git it 'tall; an' I tell you he did his best.

"But Alice, she was jest like that flower I told ye 'bout; it didn't make no difference what a rough, ugly old rock it was growin' next ter, the wind might blow a perfect cyclone, it could make that flower tremble an' shiver and bend an' bow, but when it got through, that flower was growin' there jest the same. An' try his best, Stan couldn't git her ter listen ter him.

"So the time passed by, an' Stan see in the paper the Cap'n's steamer had 'rived, an' he knowed he'd be home next day. Things looked pretty desperate, but he wouldn't give in.

"The Cap'n's house an' gardin spot was a dreadful queer-lookin' place. Alice didn't seem ter care, but it 'most distressed Mis' Willard—she kep' house for 'em, you know, ter death. There was a heejus great figger-head nailed up over the front door—'nough ter scare ye outer yer senses—an' shells layin' round everywhere ye could think, an' a big red buoy out in the middle o' the door-yard—though Mis' Willard trained mornin'-glories over *that* tell it didn't show much; an' there was a great rusty anchor an' chain fastened ter the front gate ter keep it swung together. Oh, I couldn't begin ter tell yer all the Cap'n's contrivances.

"Well, that night Alice was out in the gardin after supper, wanderin' round, thinkin' 'bout her father, an' kinder wonderin' ef Stan would come, an' hopin' he wouldn't, an' knowin' down in her heart she'd be disappointed ef he didn't, when all ter once she heard that chain clank, an' her heart begun ter beat, an' she couldn't help thinkin' it might be a good thing ef the Cap'n had got a anchor hitched ter her too!

"She didn't need ter take but one look at Stan ter know what he come for. He didn't waste no time 'bout it neither. There wa'n't no puttin' him off; she'd got ter come ter the pint, an' she did.

"She told him her fust dooty was ter her father; he hadn't got nobody but her, an' she knowed 'twouldn't be right ter go off an' leave him. Then Stan he told her she needn't leave him; he wa'n't home much o' the time, an' when he was he could be with her, jest's he allus had bin; an' he did think—though he didn't say so—that ef he could put up with the Cap'n, the Cap'n might do as much for him.

"But Alice she told him her father didn't want her ter marry nobody, an' ef she did he wouldn't have nothin' more ter do with her; an' 'twasn't ez ef he was like other folks who had friends ter fall back on—ef she left him he wouldn't have nothin'; then she looked at him straight, and she sez:

"'Ef I loved a man ever so much, I wouldn't leave my father ter go off with him, 'cause he has fust claim,' sez she; an' Stan he come a step nearer, and he sez:

"'*Do* you love me, Alice?'

"She knowed she got ter answer that question, and she knowed 'twouldn't do ter have him come no closer, if she was goin' ter do her dooty by her father. She'd never told a lie in her life, but she looked at him, and she said it slow, like ez ef 'twas a lesson she was sayin':

"'No, I don't love you; you must go.'

"'Twas queer, but Stan b'lieved her. A woman would 'a' knowed in a minute she wasn't tellin' the truth, but he trusted her as he would a angel, an' he took her at her word.

"An' the gate hadn't no more'n banged arfter him when the old Cap'n jumped right out o' a bunch o' syringas an' stood in front on her in his tall hat, with a valise in one hand and a ombrill in the other, lookin' bigger, redder, more bristlin' 'an ever; he'd bin there the hull time, an' heard every word; but all he said was:

"'Good girl! Done right! That's the way ter serve young scalawags. Ye won't have no more trouble from 'em; yer old father's come home ter stay.'

"An' so he had. He'd give up the command o' his steamer, an' there he was.

"Well, Alice she took him inter the house, an' she give him his supper, an' mixed his rum punch fer him, an' sot by while he drinked it; then he wanted her ter sing ter him, an' she went ter the pianner an' played an' sung him his favorites—an' he had a deal o' taste in music —an' all the while there was poor Stan's despairin' face in front on her, an' you'd 'a' thought even the Cap'n could 'a' told her heart was broke by the way she was singin'.

"An' Stan he went off an' jined a party o' naturalist fellers who was goin' on a three-years' trip to I don't know where, arfter outlandish species o' spiders an' caterpillers an' sich. He didn't care where he went ter; he didn't know the difference 'tween bein' a man an' *able* ter kite off when ye got hurt, an' flourish round tell ye felt better, an' bein' a woman an' havin' ter settle right down ter hum, an' make the best o' things.

"Ef a woman's got grit—an' she gen'ally has —she'll go ter work, an' she'll pull through somehow; sometimes it makes her sour an' crabbed, but more often she turns her thoughts ter another country, where, ef she can't have the things she missed here, the comfort 'll be she won't want 'em.

"An' Alice went on doin' her dooty, keepin' things pleasant, an' kinder makin' it up ter the neighbors when the Cap'n quarrelled with 'em; but she grew paler an' thinner every day, tell she looked jest like a shadder o' a girl; but she didn't lose none o' her prettiness; she couldn't—long's there was anything left on her, 'twas '*bliged* ter be pretty.

"Well, arfter the Cap'n had bin home a year or two he begun ter find it kinder tiresome; he'd done everything he could think on ter his place, an' 'twas then he took it inter his head ter buy his monnyment; that kep' him busy for months; he visited every marble-yard in the country 'fore he found anything ter suit him. He said his monnyment was like a poor man's suit o' clothes: he wanted jest the right thing, 'cause it had got ter last him.

"He was pleased 'nough when he finally got it sot up; he'd walk down with Alice ev'ry Sabbath evenin' ter see it, an' he hadn't bin ter visit his wife's grave 'fore sence she died; he clean forgot ter have her name put on the tombstone.

"Well, things went on this way tell one day he was took with a fit, and went ter lie beside his monnyment, and Alice was left ter take her Sabbath evenin' walk alone.

"The minister had doubts 'bout the old Cap'n's futur', an' he told her so; but Alice, she said he wa'n't so bad but *she* could love him, an' she reckoned God's love an' mercy'd stretch further'n ourn, an' she couldn't help hopin' He'd remember what a hard life the poor old Cap'n had had, an' make 'lowances fer him.

"The minister he didn't say no more arfter that; I guess he thought ef the idee was any comfort ter her she might ez well keep it, but it sartainly wa'n't orthordox.

"'Twas 'bout this time Stan come home, older an' browner an' harnsomer'n ever. He was real shocked when he heard 'bout the Cap'n, an' more still when he see Alice in church. He'd thought he'd bin dyin' o' a broken heart all this time, but when he come ter look at her—not that he s'posed thinkin' o' *him* had anything ter do with it—he reckoned 'twas takin' care o' her father.

"He didn't go ter see her. He knowed he was cured, but still he didn't want ter resk gittin' hurt agin; he hadn't forgot what it felt like, so he walked home from meetin' with Judge Perkins's darter, an' was arst ter stay ter supper, an' spent a very pleasant evenin'; an' Alice went home an' cried herself sick—difference 'tween men an' women, that's all.

"Well, 'twas the old Cap'n's queer character that brought 'em together in the fust place, an' 'twas the same thing brought 'em together in the end; ef't hadn't bin fer him I don't s'pose they'd ever noticed each other, an' that's what folks git fer meddlin' in other folks' affairs.

"'Twas one Sabbath arfternoon jest arfter meetin'; Stan was walkin' in the cemetary with his mother—they was goin' ter see ef the grass needed cuttin' in their lot—an' ez they passed by the Cap'n's monnyment Stan happened ter look toward it, an' there he see some heathern boy had bin an' printed '*Rum Punch*' in big letters on the Cap'n's urn.

"Stan most felt ez if 'twas his own father, it made him so mad; but he didn't say nothin' ter 'tract his mother's 'tention. He got home quick's he could, an' he got some chemical stuff on a rag, an' some sand-paper, an' he was goin' back agin ter git them letters off 'fore poor Alice could come an' see 'em; but somebody come in, an' he was hendered tell 'twas pretty late 'fore he started. He knowed he hadn't many minutes ter spare, an' he run for his life 'cross lots.

"She wa'n't there when he got there, an' he warmed up that monnyment an' he worked like seventy-six, though he most spected ter hear the old Cap'n orderin' him off; but he got it clean 't last, an' clumb down, an' there was Alice standin' watchin' him.

"Land sakes! ef the folks ain't all gone inter meetin' while we've bin talkin'! We'll be *late*, sure's the world, arfter havin' bin here a *hour* 'fore anybody else.

"Haven't finished the story? Yis, I have; didn't I tell ye Alice Broadus never needed ter look at nobody more'n once?"

MR. HISCOCK AND MR. GEORGE.

Mr. Hiscock and Mr. George are typical Northern and Southern Senators. Mr. Hiscock is a thorough Central New-Yorker. He was born at Pompey, within a few miles of Syracuse, where he lives, and he has the manners, the accent, and the habit of mind of his people. He was admitted to the bar in 1854, so that he was in the active practice of his profession when the Whites, who owned the railroad from Syracuse to Rochester, were helping runaway slaves to escape into Canada. He was a young man, but a man nevertheless, when the Rev. Samuel May was one of the most eloquent and impressive figures among the abolitionists of the North, when Syracuse was a station on the underground railroad, and when the populace of the city were so hostile to the Fugitive Slave Law that they rescued negroes in the very court-house from the clutches of the United States officers. He received his early political education in the most radical of schools, and the current of his thoughts has continued to run in the direction in which it was set in his early manhood. Mr. Hiscock began his public life in 1860, when he was chosen District Attorney of Onondaga County. He was counted then as among the rising lawyers of his part of the State, and for several years the firm of which he is a member has shared with Chief-Judge Ruger's and ex-Judge Comstock's offices the important practice of Syracuse. His elder brother was a politician of note throughout the State, and was a prominent member of the Constitutional Convention of 1867. The latter was killed in Albany while he was attending the Convention, and the people of Syracuse at once elected his brother, the present Senator, to succeed him. There was an interval of nearly nine years between this and the time when Mr. Hiscock was elected to Congress, of one or the other house of which he has been ever since a member.

Senator George was born in the South, in Georgia. He has lived, however, in Mississippi ever since he was eight years old. Other Southern youth came to the North for their education in Mr. George's day—for he was born in 1826—but he had no schooling except that which was given by the common schools of Mississippi. In his autobiography in the Congressional Directory he says that he "was educated in the common schools then existing." It is true that he could not have been educated in any other common schools, but Mr. George undoubtedly desired to emphasize the fact that, in the dialect of the South, he "enjoyed right poh schoolin'." Whatever were the defects in his means of education, he was, without question, an industrious student, for he has not only achieved eminence in his profession, having been Chief-Justice of his State, but he ranks among the good lawyers of the Senate. Being a Southerner and of age at the time, he was, of course, a private in Colonel Davis's First Regiment of Mississippi Volunteers in the Mexican war. He was a secessionist, and a member of the Convention which voted to take Mississippi out of the Union; and he fought through the war, first as a Brigadier-General of State troops, and afterward as a Colonel of Mississippi cavalry in the Confederate army.

These two Senators are products of the common schools of their respective sections of the country. Neither was graduated at college. Mr. Hiscock presumably went to better schools than the South possessed, and for a longer time than Mr. George. They spent their earlier days in entirely different atmospheres. The New York Senator lived among the friends and sustainers of John Brown, whose desire to free the slaves amounted to a passion; the other was the pupil and follower of Jefferson Davis. The difference between their habits of speech is as great as the divergence can be between the sharp dialect of Central New York and the lazy negro talk of Mississippi. In other respects the New York Senator is a man of the world, with a sense of humor which enables him to appreciate the unimportance of questions and controversies, and to distinguish the unimportant from the grave. The Mississippian is unconventional. He shows how he despises appearances in his dress, his tousled hair, his general aspect. Mr. George is always grave. In the large arena where he finds himself, everything is of importance. The political opinions of the two men are as wide apart as is possible in these days when there are no burning questions, but they do not continue to distrust each other's civilizations as keenly as they were taught to up to times that are still recent. It is possible that Mr. Hiscock has no better opinion of the Southern common schools of to-day than Mr. George expressed of the institutions in which he received the rudiments of his education, and perhaps he has shrewd suspicions that the Southerners prevent the negroes from voting the Republican ticket; but it was not very long ago when such beliefs were so commonly and so strongly held by Northern men that they bred personal enmities between members of Congress. That day, however, is giving way to a better time, and some of the strongest friendships in Congress are between men who were born and bred as were Mr. Hiscock and Mr. George.

AMONG THE BALSAMS.

Of all resinous odors the sweetest and most penetrating is that of the Canada balsam, and of all the evergreens none is more graceful, symmetrical, or certain to attract attention than it. A habitant of high latitudes, it finds among the mountains of our Northern States a congenial home, and one in which it is most welcome. Especially over the whole vast tract of country embraced in the general title of Adirondacks is the balsam an ever-present and ever-welcome feature of the landscape. Its masses of dark green foliage soften the rugged outlines of the mountains in summer, and in winter offer safe refuge from bitter blasts and a grateful relief from the glare of snow-covered lakes. Its lance-like tops point straight upward with an air of unbending self-reliance typical of sturdy Northern dwellers. To weary brain-workers the balsam-scented air is a tonic, to weakened lungs it comes as a soothing balm, and of all woodland memories none is retained more vividly.

To reach this land of balsam-laden breezes, of mountains and forest and lakes and tumbling streams, their own bit of nature's park land, New-Yorkers rush with feverish haste by fastest trains up the entire length of the Hudson Valley, from the mouth to the sources of the great river. Once well past Saratoga, they welcome its foaming cataract at Luzerne, and its shrunken volume as they cross and recross it before leaving the railroad at North Creek station, for both betoken the approach to the mountains. From the roofs of smoothly running tally-ho coaches they cheerfully bid it adieu as they are whirled up the eastern slope of the long divide that separates its waters from those of the Raquette and the St. Lawrence, for it must be left behind before the true home of the balsams, the heart of the wilderness, can be reached.

At Blue Mountain Lake, where art in the shape of luxuriously appointed hotels confronts nature in her wildest and most bewitching aspects, one journey ends and one begins.

The first stage of the new journey, the voyage of unalloyed delight through balsam-scented air and over crystal waters in which the forest shadows are reflected so truly that in a photograph the object cannot be distinguished from its counterfeit, is generally performed in company with a gay party from the hotels. This is made possible by the swift little steamers that ply across Blue Mountain, Eagle, and Utowana lakes to the carry on Marion River, making two round trips each day. By one of these the boats are generally taken in tow, and in three hours the first carry has been reached.

At the end of this first "carry" another dainty steamer waits to speed the voyager through the tortuous meanderings of the Marion into Raquette Lake. Here on a rocky islet stands St. Hubert's, the picturesque log church of the wilderness; and here in the very home of the balsam, 2000 feet above the sea, crowning jutting promontories or nestling in secluded nooks, are a dozen or so of those luxuriously appointed "camps" for which this region is famous. Built of logs and bark, in perfect accord with their surroundings, they are triumphs of wild-wood architecture, and of the human skill that utilizes for its own comfort every resource of the wilderness.

Clustered about the main structure at each of these camps are smaller buildings, all of the same general character, devoted to bachelors' quarters, kitchens, houses for the guides, ice-houses, and various other purposes. Most important of them all is the open camp, in which are concentrated the keenest pleasures of an Adirondack sojourn. It has three side of logs and a roof thatched with broad sheets of spruce bark. It is open in front, and is lined with the silver and golden brown skin of birch-trees, while its carpet is a bed of fragrant "browse," incomparably softer, sweeter, and more elastic than any other bed of human invention. The making of a "browse" bed requires time, patience, care, and a knowledge of the art. The ground must be gently sloped from the back to the front of the camp; then a huge foot-log, twelve inches or more in diameter, is laid along the entire length of the front, while a much smaller head-log lies parallel to it at the back of the camp. The space between these is covered thick with elastic spruce boughs. Into these, beginning at the head-log and working outward, are thrust quantities of balsam twigs a foot long, planted in rows as closely together as possible, with butt ends down, and all their feathery tips inclined slightly in the same direction, or toward the head-log. Over the balsam tips is thrown a thin layer of flat delicate hemlock twigs. A blanket spread above the whole completes a bed so luxurious that to rest on it after a day of healthful labor, and bask in the genial warmth of the great fire that roars and crackles in front of the camp, is one of the keenest of physical pleasures.

If the voyager would seek other charms and more varied experiences than those afforded by the Raquette, he may on the west or south plunge directly into the almost trackless wilderness, or he may follow the better-known trail leading to the north and east. The latter will take him over a carry to Forked Lake, and thence by other carries and many fascinating waterways to the Tupper lakes, and past the bold front of Mount Morris into the Raquette River. Or he may go, by way of Buttermilk Falls and three carries, into Long Lake; thence by way of the Raquette River, which forms the outlet of Long Lake, he may find his way into Big Tupper Lake, and so back into Forked, after having swept around a great circle embracing one of the most charming portions of the wilderness.

If he would still follow the popular routes of travel he can carry across from the Raquette into the head waters of the Saranac, and from the foot of Ampersand Mountain take a new departure for Bartlett, Round Lake, St. Regis, Saranac, or Lake Placid, and finally leave the woods at Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain.

THE GOELET CUP FOR THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

One of the most important events of the yachting season is the race for the Goelet cups. For several years past the international races for the Queen's Cup have gained the priority of public attention in relation to yachting in this country, but as no such contest will take place this season, the interest in the race for the rich prizes offered by Ogden Goelet to the winning schooner and sloop, under the conditions of time allowance adopted by the New York Yacht Club, will enjoy an unusual significance. The race occurs on August 10th, during the annual cruise of the New York Yacht Club, and is sailed over the triangular course from Brenton's Reef Light-house, Newport, to the Hen and Chickens, thence to the Sow and Pigs, and back to Newport. The presentation is subsequently made at Vineyard Haven.

Below is a representation of the trophy to be awarded the winning sloop. The cup is of sterling silver, is $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height, and measures $9\frac{1}{4}$ inches at its widest part. The base is of polished ebony, and 7 inches high. The cup, made by Tiffany & Co., is Grecian in form, and the decorative treatment modern. The modelling is in low relief, the subject being treated in large masses, but with much subtlety of detail in the salient parts. The design in the main appropriately suggests the coursers of the sea. The female figure, emblematic of the Winds, drives the sea-horses, discerned through the waves and foam, before her. The assisting decoration and tracery are in the form of dolphins and seaweed. On the transverse side of the cup is the inscription, "Goelet Cup, 1888," etched in very robust lettering, the design being suggestive—running water, starting large and tapering off like a wave. Upon the base is a silver tablet for the inscribing of the winner's name, around which are sprays of silver palm leaves, indicative of victory.

SHERIDAN IN THE VALLEY—1864.—From the Painting by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 594.]

GENERAL SHERIDAN.

GIFTED with the highest personal courage, and with that rare union of fire and discretion which can alone insure success in a prolonged military career, General SHERIDAN will have a place among the foremost professional soldiers which our country has produced. When we reflect that his campaigns were ended and his reputation completely made at the age of thirty-four, and that his growth in soldiership from Perryville and Chickamauga to Five Forks and Sailor Creek was palpable, it can readily be understood that with added opportunities and riper experience he might have achieved a far larger measure of fame among the world's great soldiers. His career was the more likely to continue brilliant since he possessed a generous share of the good fortune of war as well as of the inborn aptitudes necessary for the acquisition of great fame.

Looking over his military career as a whole, the impression left as to the cause of its success is that it was based upon an ample supply of the true fighting temperament, joined with a constant watchfulness and a study and preparation for all contingencies such as are not always found among the more combative officers. In subordinate commands he showed a rare degree of eagerness to carry out orders and to do his own part well, which made him most efficient and trustworthy. As a lieutenant in the Indian campaigning of the far Northwest before the civil war he was mentioned in general orders for gallantry. Intrusted with the command of the Second Michigan Cavalry early in 1862, and then of a small brigade, he repulsed the enemy at Booneville with such success as to gain the star of a Brigadier-General and the command of a division of infantry in BUELL'S army. With that he took a most creditable part in the battle of Perryville, and then, under ROSECRANS, in the engagement of Stone River. In this last battle his division was in McCOOK'S corps, which sustained the brunt of the enemy's opening attack. It was the third division from the extreme right of the army, and while the other two were being successively swept away, SHERIDAN had a little time in which to prepare a stubborn defence, which he did with his customary tactical skill, effecting a change of front to meet the enemy's onset. His division was in turn overwhelmed, but only after so prolonged a struggle that he achieved laurels no less deserved than if he had been able to wholly repulse the enemy, the time gained being of great value to ROSECRANS.

At Chickamauga his division chanced to be in the part of the army of ROSECRANS that was swept back by the enemy's attack; but at Missionary Ridge his brilliant assault on the heights gained him the highest credit, and GRANT had no hesitation in calling him to Virginia for the command of the cavalry. There he gave proofs first of his organizing capacity, and then of an energy which made him invaluable in the final campaigns. He pioneered the course of the main army, seized important points, raided upon the enemy's communications, and threatened Richmond itself. Young as he was, GRANT had no hesitation then in putting him in charge of the Army of the Shenandoah, and his famous victories at Winchester, Fisher's Hill, Tom's Brook, and Cedar Creek, in the valley, followed. Too much cannot be said of the value of these victories at that juncture, while they were crowned by his subsequent masterly battle at Five Forks, and his relentless pursuit of LEE in the retreat that ended at Appomattox.

Few Union officers have received higher testimonials to their military prowess than General SHERIDAN. Congress passed a special vote of thanks to him and his men "for the gallantry, military skill, and courage displayed in the brilliant series of victories achieved by them in the valley of the Shenandoah, and especially for their services at Cedar Run on the 19th day of October, 1864, which retrieved the fortune of the day, and thus averted a great disaster." MEADE wrote to GRANT that "to achieve such results, after having met the reverse he describes, is one of the most brilliant feats of the war." General GRANT declared that Cedar Creek "stamped SHERIDAN, what I have always thought him, one of the ablest of generals." GRANT also said in a conversation that "Stonewall" JACKSON never would have gained his great successes had he had SHERIDAN to oppose him. President LINCOLN tendered SHERIDAN and his army "the thanks of the nation, and my own personal admiration and gratitude for the month's operations in the Shenandoah Valley, and especially for the splendid work of October 19, 1864."

A fine summary of the work accomplished by SHERIDAN in the Shenandoah Valley was expressed in his commission as Major-General in the regular army, which was given to him "for the personal gallantry, military skill, and just confidence in the courage and patriotism of your troops, displayed by you on the 19th day of October, at Cedar Run, whereby, under the blessing of Providence, your routed army was reorganized, a great national disaster averted, and a brilliant victory achieved over the rebels for the third time in pitched battle within thirty days." This sentence, we believe, was framed by President LINCOLN. Thus there are now two heroes of the Shenandoah Valley to be held up to the scrutiny and estimate of history. The Confederate hero of the Shenandoah is JACKSON; the Union hero is SHERIDAN. A direct historical parallel between these two great soldiers, in their exploits in the valley, would probably bring out in their true light the estimates to be placed upon the characters and capabilities of each.

The personal qualities of SHERIDAN as a soldier were of a sort to command enthusiasm among his men, and certainly few officers have ever had a staff more thoroughly devoted. His comparative youth put him in sympathy with the members of his staff, and when it became associated also with great victories, it had a powerful influence in stirring up that personal magnetism which is not always, indeed, but perhaps oftenest, excited by young commanders. While he was cheery and fond of fun, his officers and all his troops found that he insisted on the strictest performance of duty. The figure of "little Phil," with his short legs bestriding a big horse, became associated with constant energy and indefatigable enterprise. He carried scouting to great lengths, becoming noted for his desire to obtain information about the enemy; and although in some instances, particularly in Virginia, erroneous reports brought to him led him to courses of action which he might not otherwise have pursued, yet upon the whole a large part of his success was due to this eagerness for obtaining knowledge of the enemy's strength, position, and intents.

Although SHERIDAN has passed away at an age by no means advanced, he had really accomplished all that could have been expected of him. There is no likelihood that prior to his retirement for age he would again have been called to take the field. Meanwhile he had been able to enjoy for a longer period than his great contemporaries, GRANT, THOMAS, MEADE, and HANCOCK, the praises of his countrymen, coupled with the consciousness that he had won his way to the very top of the active army, and had by the value of his services made for himself a lasting name. The rank of General of the Army was revived for his benefit after he had been attacked by his last illness, but he lived long enough to leave some record of his occupancy of that position.

COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C.*

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

AUTHOR OF "SHE," "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "ALLAN QUATERMAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

IDA'S BARGAIN.

WHEN Ida saw the Colonel coming, she put on her sweetest smile and took his hand.

"How do you do, Colonel Quaritch?" she said. "It is very good of you to come, especially as you don't play tennis much. By-the-way, I hope you have been studying that cipher, for I am sure that it is a cipher."

"I studied it for half an hour before I went to bed last night, Miss De la Molle, and for the life of me I could not make anything out of it; and what's more, I don't think that there is anything to make out."

"Ah," she answered, with a sigh, "I wish there was!"

"Well," he replied, "I'll have another go at it. What will you give me if I find it out?" he said, with a smile which lighted up his rugged face most pleasantly.

"Anything you like to ask and that I can give," she answered, with a tone of earnestness which struck him as peculiar, for of course he did not know the tale that she had just heard from Mr. Quest.

Then for the first time for many years Harold Quaritch delivered himself of a speech that might have been capable of a tender and hidden meaning.

"I am afraid," he said, bowing, "that if I came to claim the reward, I should ask for more even than you would be inclined to give."

Ida blushed a little. "We can consider that when you do come, Colonel Quaritch; excuse me, but here are Mrs. Quest and Mr. Cossey, and I must go and say how do you do."

Harold Quaritch looked round, feeling unreasonably irritated at this interruption to his little advances, and for the first time saw Edward Cossey. He was coming along in the wake of Mrs. Quest, looking very handsome and rather languid, when their eyes met, and to speak the truth, the Colonel's first impression was not a complimentary one. Edward Cossey was in some ways not a bad fellow, but like a great many young men who are born with silver spoons in their mouths, he had many airs and graces, one of which was the affectation of treating older and better men with an assumption of off-handedness and even of superiority which was rather obnoxious. Thus while Ida was greeting Mrs. Quest, he was engaged in taking the Colonel in in a way that irritated that gentleman considerably.

Presently Ida turned and introduced Colonel Quaritch, first to Mrs. Quest and then to Mr. Cossey. Harold bowed to each, and then strolled off to meet the Squire, whom he noted advancing with his usual array of towels hanging out of his hat, and for a while he saw neither of them any more.

Meanwhile Mr. Quest had emerged from the shelter of his arbutus, and was going from one person to another, saying some pleasant and appropriate word to each, till at last he reached the spot where his wife and Edward Cossey were standing. Nodding affectionately at the former, he asked her if she was not going to play tennis, and then drew Cossey aside.

"Well, Quest," said the latter, "have you told the old man?"

"Oh yes, I told him."

"How did he take it?"

"Oh, talked it off, and said that of course other arrangements must be made. I spoke to Miss De la Molle too."

"Oh," said Edward, in a changed tone; "and how did she take it?"

"Well," answered the lawyer, putting on an air of deep concern (and as a matter of fact he really did feel sorry for her), "I think it was the most painful professional experience that I ever had. The poor woman was utterly crushed. She said that it would kill her father."

"Poor girl!" said Mr. Cossey, in a voice that showed his sympathy was of a very active order; "and how pluckily she is carrying it off too—look at her," and he pointed to where Ida was standing, a lawn-tennis bat in her hand, and laughingly arranging a "set" of married *versus* single.

"Yes, she is a good, plucky girl," answered Mr. Quest; "and what a splendid woman she looks, doesn't she? I never saw anybody who was quite such a lady; there is nobody to touch her round here—unless," he added, meditatively, "perhaps, it is Belle."

"They are different types of beauty," answered Edward Cossey, flinching.

"Yes, but equally attractive in their separate ways. Well, it can't be helped, but I feel sorry for that poor girl, and the old gentlemen too—Hullo! there he is."

As he was speaking, the Squire, who was walking past with Colonel Quaritch, with the object of showing him the view from the end of the moat, suddenly saw Edward Cossey, who at once stepped forward to greet him, but to his surprise was met by a cold and most stately bow from Mr. De la Molle, who passed on without vouchsafing a single word.

"Old idiot!" ejaculated Mr. Quest to himself; "he will put the banker's back up and spoil the game."

"Well," said Mr. Cossey aloud, and coloring almost to his eyes, "that old gentleman knows how to be insolent."

"You must not mind him, Mr. Cossey," answered Quest, hastily. "The poor old boy has got a very good idea of himself; he is dreadfully injured because Cossey & Son are calling in the mortgages after the family has dealt with them for so many generations; and he thinks that you have something to do with it."

"Well, if he does, he might as well be civil. It does not particularly incline a fellow to go out of his way to pull him out of the ditch, just to be cut in that fashion; I have half a mind to order my trap and go."

"No, no, don't do that; you must make allowances; you must indeed. Look, here is Miss De la Molle coming to ask you to play tennis."

At this moment Ida arrived and took off Edward Cossey with her, not a little to the relief of Mr. Quest, who began to fear that the whole scheme was spoiled by the Squire's unfortunate magnificence of manner.

Edward played his game, having Ida herself as his partner. It cannot be said that the set was a pleasant one for the latter, who, poor woman, was doing her utmost to bring up her courage to the point necessary to the carrying out of the appeal *ad misericordiam* which she had decided to make as soon as the game was over. However, chance put an opportunity in her way, for Edward Cossey, who had a curious weakness for flowers, asked her if she would show him her chrysanthemums, of which she was very proud. She consented readily enough, and they crossed the lawn, and passing through some shubbery, reached the greenhouse, which was placed at the end of the house itself. Here for some minutes they looked at the flowers, just now bursting into bloom. Ida, who felt exceedingly nervous, was all the while wondering how on earth she was to broach so delicate a subject, when fortunately Mr. Cossey himself gave her the necessary opening.

"I can't imagine, Miss De la Molle," he said, "what I can have done to offend your father; he almost cut me just now."

"Are you sure that he saw you, Mr. Cossey?—he is very absent-minded sometimes."

"Oh yes, he saw me, but when I offered to shake hands with him, he only bowed in rather a crushing way and passed on."

Ida broke off a Scarlet Turk from its stem, and nervously began to pick the bloom to pieces.

"The fact is, Mr. Cossey—the fact is, my father, and indeed I also, are in great trouble just now about money matters, you know, and my father is very apt to be prejudiced—in short, I rather believe that he thinks you may have something to do with his difficulties; but perhaps you know all about it."

"I know something, Miss De la Molle," said he, gravely, "and I hope and trust that you do not believe that I have anything to do with the action which Cossey & Son have thought fit to take."

"No, no," she said, hastily; "I never thought anything of the sort; but I know that you have influence—and, well, to be plain, Mr. Cossey, I implore of you to use it. Perhaps you will understand that it is very humiliating for me to be obliged to ask this, though you can never guess how humiliating. Believe me, Mr. Cossey, I would never ask it for myself, but it is my father—he loves this place better than his life; it would be much better he should die than that he should be obliged to leave it; and if this money is called in, that is what must happen, because the place will be sold over us. I believe he would go mad; I do indeed," and she stopped speaking and stood there before him, the fragment of the flower in her hand, her breast heaving with emotion.

"What do you suggest should be done, Miss De la Molle?" said Edward Cossey, gently.

"I suggest that—that—if you will be so kind, you should persuade Cossey & Son to forego their intention of calling in the money."

"It is quite impossible," he answered. "My father has ordered the step himself, and he is a hard man. It is impossible to turn him if he thinks he will lose money by turning. You see, he is a banker, and has been handling money all his life, till it has become a sort of god to him. Really, I believe that he would rather beggar every friend he has than lose five thousand pounds."

"Then there is no more to be said. The place must go, that's all," replied Ida, turning away her head and affecting to busy herself in removing some dried leaves from a chrysanthemum plant. Edward, watching her, however, saw her shoulders shake, and a big tear fall like a rain-drop with a splash on the pavement, and the sight, strongly attracted as he was, and had for some time been, toward the young lady, was altogether too much for him. In an instant, moved by an overwhelming impulse, and something not unlike a gust of passion, he came to one of those determinations which so often change the whole course and tenor of men's lives.

"Miss De la Molle," he said, rapidly, "there may be a way found out of it."

She looked up inquiringly, and there were the tear stains on her face.

"Somebody might take up the mortgages and pay off Cossey & Son."

"Can you find any one who will?" she asked, eagerly.

"No—not as an investment. I understand that thirty thousand pounds are required, and I tell you frankly that as times are I do not for one moment believe the place to be worth that amount. It is all very well for your father to talk about land recovering itself, but at present, at any rate, nobody can see the faintest chance of anything of the sort. The probabilities are, on the contrary, that as the American competition increases, land will gradually sink to something like a prairie value."

"Then how can the money be got if nobody will advance it?"

"I did not say that nobody would advance it; I said that nobody would advance it as an investment. A friend might advance it."

"And where is such a friend to be found? He would be a very disinterested friend who would advance thirty thousand pounds."

"Nobody in this world is quite disinterested, Miss De la Molle; or at any rate very few are. What would you give to such a friend?"

"I would give anything and everything over which I have control in the world to save my father from seeing Honham sold over his head," she answered, simply.

Edward Cossey laughed a little. "That is a large order," he said. "Miss De la Molle, *I* am disposed to try and find the money to take up these mortgages. I have not got it, and I shall have to borrow it, and, what is more, I shall have to keep the fact that I have borrowed it a secret from my father."

"It is very good of you," said Ida, faintly. "I don't know what to say."

For a moment he made no reply, and looking at him, Ida saw that his hand was trembling.

"Miss De la Molle," he said, "there is another matter of which I wish to speak to you. Men are sometimes put into strange positions, partly through their own fault, partly by force of circumstances, and when in those positions are forced down paths that they would not follow. Supposing, Miss De la Molle, that mine were some such position, and supposing that owing to that position I could not say to you words which I should wish to say—"

Ida began to understand now, and once more turned aside.

"Supposing, however, that at some future time the difficulties of that position of which I have spoken were to fade away, and I were then to speak those words, can you, supposing all this, tell me how they would be received?"

Ida paused and thought. She was a strong-natured and clear-headed woman, and she fully understood the position. On her answer would depend whether or no the thirty thousand pounds were forth-coming, and therefore whether or no Honham Castle would pass from her father and her race.

"I said just now, Mr. Cossey," she answered, coldly, "that I would give anything and everything over which I have control in the world to save my father from seeing Honham sold over his head. I do not wish to retract those words, and I think that in them you will find an answer to your question."

He colored. "You put the matter in a very business-like way," he said.

"It is best put so, Mr. Cossey," she answered, with a faint shade of bitterness in her tone; "it preserves me from feeling under an obligation; will you see my father about these mortgages?"

"Yes, to-morrow. And now I will say good-by to you," and he took her hand, and with some little hesitation kissed it. She made no resistance and showed no emotion.

"Yes," she answered, "we have been here some time. Mrs. Quest will wonder what has become of you."

It was a random arrow, but it went straight home, and for the third time that day Edward Cossey reddened to the roots of his hair. Without answering a word he bowed and went.

When Ida saw it she was sorry she had made the remark, for she had no wish to appear to Mr. Cossey (the conquest of whom gave her neither pride nor pleasure) in the light of a spiteful, or, worse still, of a jealous woman. She had indeed heard some talk about him and Mrs. Quest, but, not being of a scandal-loving disposition, it had not interested her, and she had almost forgotten it. Now, however, she saw that there was something in it.

"So that is the difficult position of which he talks," she said to herself; "he wants to marry me as soon as he can get Mrs. Quest off his hands. And I have consented to that, always provided that Mrs. Quest can be disposed of, in consideration of the receipt of a sum of thirty thousand pounds. And I do not like the man. It was not nice of him to make that bargain, though I brought it on myself. I wonder if my father will ever know what I have done for him, and if he will appreciate it if he does? Well, it is not a bad price—thirty thousand pounds; it is a good figure for any woman in the present state of the market." And with a hard and bitter laugh, and a prescience of sorrow to come lying at the heart, she threw down the remains of the Scarlet Turk and turned away.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1646.

CHAPTER XII.

GEORGE PROPHESIES.

Ida, for obvious reasons, said nothing to her father of her interview with Edward Cossey, and thus it came to pass that on the morning following the lawn-tennis party there was a very serious consultation between the faithful George and his master. It appeared to Ida, who was lying awake in her room, to commence somewhere about daybreak, and it certainly continued, with short intervals for refreshment, till eleven o'clock in the forenoon. First the Squire explained the whole question to George at great length, and with a most extraordinary multiplicity of detail, for he began with his first loan from the house of Cossey & Son, which he had contracted a great many years before. All this while George sat with a very long face, and tried to look as though he were following the thread of the argument, which was not possible, for his master had long ago lost it himself, and was mixing up the loan of 1863 with the loan of 1874, and the money raised on the severance of the entail with both, in a way which would have driven anybody except George, who was used to this sort of thing, perfectly mad. However, he sat it through, and when at last the account was finished, remarked that things "sartainly did look queer."

Thereupon the Squire called him a stupid owl, and having by means of some test questions discovered that he knew very little of the details which had just been explained to him at such portentous length, he, in spite of the protest of the wretched George, who urged that they "didn't seem to be gitting no forrader somehow," began and went through every word of it again.

This brought them to breakfast-time, and after breakfast George's accounts were thoroughly gone into, with the result that confusion was soon worse confounded, for either George could not keep accounts or the Squire could not follow them. Ida, sitting in the drawing-room, could continually hear her father's ejaculatory outbursts after this kind:

"Why, you stupid donkey, you've added it up all wrong; it's nine hundred and fifty, not three hundred and fifty;" followed by a "No, no, Squire; you be a-looking on the wrong side—them there are the debits," and so on, till both parties were fairly played out, and the only thing that remained clear was that the balance was considerably on the wrong side.

"Well," said the Squire at last, "there you are, you see. It appears to me that I am absolutely ruined, and upon my word I believe that it is a great deal owing to your stupidity. You have muddled and muddled and muddled till at last you have muddled us out of house and home."

"No, no, Squire; don't say that—don't you say that. It ain't none of my doing, for I've been a good servant to you if I haven't had much book-larning. It's that there dratted borrowing, that's what it is, and the interest, and all the rest on it, and though I says it as didn't ought, poor Mr. James—God rest him!—and his free-handed ways. Don't you say it's me, Squire."

"Well, well," answered his master, "it doesn't much matter whose fault it is, the result is the same, George. I'm ruined, and I suppose that the place will be sold, if anybody can be found to buy it. The De la Molles have been here between four and five centuries, and they got it by marriage with the Boisseys, who got it from the Norman kings, and now it will go to the hammer, and be bought by a picture-dealer, or a manufacturer of shoddy, or some one of that sort. Well, everything has its end, and God's will be done."

"No, no, Squire; don't you talk like that," answered George, with emotion. "I can't bear to hear you talk like that. And what's more, it ain't so."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the old gentleman, sharply. "It is so; there's no getting over it unless you can find thirty thousand pounds or thereabouts, to take up these mortgages with. Nothing short of a miracle can save it. That's always your way. 'Oh, something will turn up, something will turn up.'"

"Then there'll be a miracle," said George, bringing down a fist like a leg of mutton with a thud upon the table; "it ain't no use of your talking to me, Squire. I knaw it; I tell you I knaw it. There'll never be other than a De la Molle up at the castle while we're alive, no, nor while our children are alive either. If the money's to be found, why, drat it, it will be found. Don't you think that God Almighty is going to put none of them there counter-jumpers into Honham Castle, where gentlefolk have lived all these generations, because He ain't. There, and that's the truth, because I know it, and so help me God—and if I'm wrong, it's a master one."

The Squire, who was striding up and down the room in his irritation, stopped suddenly in his walk, and looked at his retainer with a sharp and searching gaze upon his noble features. Notwithstanding his prejudices, his simplicity, and his occasional absurdities, he was in his own way an able man, and an excellent judge of human nature. Even his prejudices were as a rule founded upon some good solid ground, only it was as a general rule impossible to get at it. Also he had a share of that marvellous instinct which, when it exists, registers the mental altitude of the minds of others with the accuracy of an aneroid. He could tell when a man's words rang true and when they rang false, and, what is more, when the conviction of the true and the falsity of the false rested upon a substantial basis of fact or error. Of course the instinct was a vague and, from its nature, an indefinable one, but it existed, and in the present instance arose in strength. He looked at the ugly, melancholy countenance of the faithful George with that keen glance of his, and observed that for the moment it was almost beautiful—beautiful in the light of conviction which shone upon it. He looked, and as he looked it was borne in upon him that what George said was true, and that George knew it was true, although he did not know where the light of truth came from, and as he looked, half the load fell from his heart.

"Hullo, George! are you turning prophet in addition to your other occupations?" he said, cheerfully, and as he did so Edward Cossey's splendid bay horse pulled up at the door and the bell rang.

"Well," he added, as soon as he saw who his visitor was, "unless I am much mistaken, we shall soon know how much truth there is in your prophecies now, for here comes Mr. Cossey himself."

Before George could sufficiently recover from his recent agitation to make any reply, Edward Cossey, looking particularly handsome and rather overpowering, was shown into the room.

The Squire shook hands with him this time, though coldly enough, and George touched his forelock and said, "Sarvant, sir," in the approved fashion. Thereon his master told him that he might retire, though he was to be sure not to go out of hearing, as he should want him again presently.

"Very well, sir," answered George; "I'll just step up to the Poplars. I told a man to be round there to-day, as I want to see if I can come to an onderstanding with him about this year's fell in the big wood."

"There," said the Squire, with an expression of infinite disgust—"there, that's just like your way, your horrid, cadging way; the idea of telling a man to be 'round about the Poplars' some time or other to-day, because you wanted to speak to him about a fell! Why didn't you write him a letter like an ordinary Christian and make an offer, instead of dodging him round a farm for half a day like a wild Indian? Besides, the Poplars is half a mile off, if it's a yard."

"Lord, sir," said George, as he retired, "that ain't the way that folks in these parts like to do business, that ain't. Letter-writing is all very well for Londoners and other furriners, but it don't do here. Besides, sir, I shall hear you well enough up there.—Sarvant, sir," this to Edward Cossey, and he was gone.

Edward burst out laughing, and the Squire looked after his retainer with a comical air.

"No wonder that the place has got in such a mess, with such a fellow as that to manage it!" he said aloud. "The idea of hunting a man round the Poplars Farm like—like an Indian squaw! He's a regular cadger, that's what he is, and that's all he's fit for. However, it's his way of doing business, and I sha'n't alter him. Well, Mr. Cossey," he went on, "this is a very sad state of affairs, at any rate so far as I am concerned. I presume, of course, that you know of the steps which have been taken by Cossey & Son to force a foreclosure, for that is what it amounts to, though I have not as yet received the formal notice; indeed, I presume that those steps have been taken under your advice."

"Yes, Mr. De la Molle, I know all about it, and here is the notice calling in the loans," and he placed a folded paper on the table.

"Ah," said the Squire, "I see. As I remarked to your manager, Mr. Quest, yesterday, I think that considering the nature of the relationship which has existed for so many generations between our family and the business firm of which you are a member, considering too the peculiar circumstances in which the owners of land find themselves at this moment, and the ruinous loss—to put questions of sentiment aside—that must be inflicted by such sale upon the owner of property, that more consideration might have been shown. However, it is useless to try to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, or to get blood from a stone, so I suppose that I must make the best of a bad job, and"—with a most polite bow—"I really do not know that I have anything more to say to you, Mr. Cossey. I will forward the notice to my lawyers; indeed, I think that it might have been sent to them in the first instance."

Edward Cossey had all this while been sitting on an old oak chair, his eyes fixed upon the ground, and slowly swinging his hat between his legs. Suddenly he looked up, and to the Squire's surprise said, quietly:

"I quite agree with you. I don't think that you can say anything too bad about the behavior of my people. A Shoreditch Jew could not have done worse. And look here, Mr. De la Molle, to come to the point and prevent misunderstanding, I may as well say at once, that with your permission I am anxious to take up these mortgages myself, for two reasons: I regard them as a desirable investment even in the present condition of land, and also I wish to save Cossey & Son from the discredit of the step which they meditate."

For the second time that morning the Squire looked up with the sharp and searching gaze he occasionally assumed, and for the second time his instinct, for he was too heady a man to reason overmuch, came into play, and warned him that in making this offer Edward Cossey had other motives than those which he had brought forward. He paused to consider what they might be. Was he anxious to get the estate for himself? Was he put forward by somebody else? Quest, perhaps. Or was it something to do with Ida? The first alternative seemed the most probable to him. But whatever was the lender's object, the result to him was the same; it gave him a respite. For Mr. De la Molle well knew that he had no more chance of raising the money from any ordinary source of investment than he had of altering the condition of agriculture.

"Hum!" he said; "this is an important matter, a most important matter. I presume, Mr. Cossey, that before making this definite offer you have consulted a legal adviser?"

"Oh yes, I have done all that, and am quite satisfied with the security—an advance of thirty thousand charged on all the Honham Castle estates at four per cent. The question now is, if you are prepared to consent to the transfer. In that case all the old charges on the property will be paid off, and Mr. Quest, who will act for me in the matter, will prepare a simple deed charging the property for the round total."

"Ah, yes, the plan seems a satisfactory one, but of course in so important a matter I should prefer to consult my legal adviser before giving a final answer; indeed, I think that it would be better if the whole affair were carried out in a proper and formal way."

"Surely, surely, Mr. De la Molle," said the younger man, with some irritation, for the old gentleman's somewhat magnificent manner rather annoyed him, which, under the circumstances, was not unnatural—"surely you do not want to consult a legal adviser to make up your mind as to whether or no you will allow a foreclosure? I offer you the money at four per cent. Cannot you let me have an answer now—yes or no?"

"I don't like being hurried. I can't bear to be hurried," said the Squire, pettishly. "These important matters require consideration, a great deal of consideration. Still," he added, observing signs of increased irritation upon Edward Cossey's face, and not having the slightest intention of throwing away the opportunity, though he would dearly have liked to prolong the negotiations for a week or two, if it was only to enjoy the illusory satisfaction of dabbling with such a large sum of money—"still, as you are so pressing about it, I really, speaking off-hand, can see no objection to your taking up the mortgages on the terms you mention."

"Very well, Mr. De la Molle. Now I have on my part one condition, and one only, to attach to this offer of mine, that is, that my name is not mentioned in connection with it. I do not wish Cossey & Son to know that I have taken up this investment on my own account. In fact, so necessary to me is it that it should not be mentioned, that if it does transpire before the affair is completed, I shall withdraw my offer, and if it transpires afterward, I shall call the money in. The loan will be advanced by a client of Mr. Quest's. Is that understood between us?"

"Hum!" said the Squire, "I don't quite like this secrecy about these important matters of business; but still if you make a point of it, why, of course I cannot object."

"Very good. Then I presume that you will write officially to Cossey & Son, stating that the money will be forth-coming to meet their various charges and the overdue interest. And now I think that we have had about enough of this business for once, so with your permission I will pay my respects to Miss De la Molle before I go."

"Dear me," said the Squire, pressing his hand to his head, "you do hurry me so dreadfully, I really don't know where I am. Miss De la Molle is out; I saw her go out sketching myself. Sit down, and we will talk this business over a little more."

"No, thank you, Mr. De la Molle; I have to talk about money every day of my life, and I soon have enough of the subject. Quest will arrange all the details. Good-by; don't bother to ring; I will find my horse." And with a shake of the hand he was gone.

"Ah!" said the old gentleman to himself, when his visitor had departed; "he asked for Ida, so I suppose that is what he is after. But it is a queer sort of way to begin courting, and if she finds it out, I should think that it would go against him. Ida is not the sort of woman to be won by a money consideration. Well, she can very well look after herself, that's certain. Anyway, it has been a good morning's work, but somehow I don't like that young man any the better for it. I have it—there's something wanting. He is not quite a gentleman. Well, I must find that fellow George," and he rushed to the front door and roared for "George," till the whole place echoed, and the pheasants crowed in the woods.

After a while there came faint answering yells of "Coming, Squire, coming," and in due course George's long form became visible, striding swiftly up the garden.

"Well!" said his master, who was in high good-humor, "did you find your man?"

"Well, no, Squire—that is, I had a rare hunt after him, and I had just happened of him up a tree when you began to holloa so loud that he went nigh to falling out of it, so I had to tell him to come back next week, or the week after."

"You happened of him up a tree. Why, what the deuce was the man doing up a tree—measuring it?"

"No, Squire; I don't rightly know what he was after, but he is a curious kind of a chap, and he said he had a fancy to wait there."

"Good heavens! no wonder the place is going to ruin when you deal with men who have a fancy to transact their business up a tree! Well, never mind that; I have settled the matter about the mortgages. Of course somebody, a client of Mr. Quest's, has been found without the least difficulty to take them up at four per cent., and advance the other five thousand too, so that there need be no more anxiety about that."

"Well, that's a good job, at any rate," answered George, with a sigh of relief.

"A good job? Of course it's a good job; but it is no more than I expected. It wasn't likely that such an eligible investment, as they say in the advertisements, would be allowed to go begging for long. But that's just the way with you; the moment there's a hitch, you come with your long face and your uneducated sort of way, and swear that we are all ruined, and that the country is breaking up, and that there's nothing before us but the workhouse, and nobody knows what."

George reflected to himself that the Squire had forgotten that not an hour before he himself had been vowing that they were ruined, while he, George, had stoutly sworn that something would turn up to help them. But his back was accustomed to those vicarious burdens, nor, to tell the truth, did they go nigh to the breaking of it.

"Well, it's a good job anyway, and I thank God Almighty for it," said he; "and more especially since there'll be the money to take over the Moat Farm, and give that warmint Janter the boot."

"Give him *what?*"

"Why, kick him out, sir, for good and all, begging your pardon, sir."

"Oh, I see. I do wish that you would respect the Queen's English a little more, George, and the name of the Creator too. By-the-way, the parson was speaking to me again yesterday about your continued absence from church. It really is disgraceful; you are a most confirmed Sabbath-breaker. And now you mustn't waste my time here any longer. Go and look after your affairs. Stop a minute; would you like a glass of port?"

"Well, thank you, sir," said George, reflectively; "we have had a lot of talk, and I don't mind if I do; and as for that there parson, begging his pardon, I wish he would mind his own affairs, and leave me to mind mine."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A RECONSTRUCTION OF OLD PARIS.

There has sprung up, as if by enchantment, at the corner of the Avenue de Suffren and the Avenue de Lemothe-Picquet, at the very gates of the Exposition Universelle, and under the shadow of the great Tour Eiffel, a most perfect reproduction of the Bastile and of an old Paris street, the Rue Saint-Antoine. Similar in its main design to the reproduction of an Old London Street exhibited in New York, it surpasses that in fineness of detail and general artistic effect. Its being built out-of-doors furthermore gives it an air of reality.

The idea of constructing on so elaborate a scale a model of the Bastile and of the old quarter of the Porte Saint-Antoine first occurred to M. Colibert, a talented architect, formerly a pupil of Viollet-le-Duc, whose most notable work has been the restoration of the west tower of the Cathedral of Amiens. The necessary site being found after much difficulty, permission was given to build upon it, and M. Perrusson, a rich terres-cuites manufacturer of the Department of the Saône-et-Loire, furnished M. Colibert with the requisite capital for the enterprise. The entrance to the old Rue Saint-Antoine is through the Porte de la Conférence, on the Avenue de Suffren. On either side of this big brick and stone gate stands a gendarme in blue and white uniform, white wig, cocked hat, and military boots. Passing the gate, immediately one finds one's self transported to a past age. The crooked street is paved with rough cobble-stones; the grotesque, quaint buildings, from many of which jut out curious sign-boards, bear no touch of newness, but are most pleasing in color.

Two servants in gray cloth livery, carrying a lady in a green and gold Sedan-chair, go up the street; a printer's devil in long yellow stockings and green tails to his coat races by; a sweet-faced flower girl in patches and powder offers to sell you a boutonnière for a few sous; a gentleman in black velvet, square-toed Louis XVI. shoes, and a pair of "well-drawn" black silk hose swaggers pompously across the way, whom we have overtaken perhaps in the act of taking a pinch of snuff from his silver box mounted with brilliants. We pass by the shabby little poste aux lettres, the allurements of an occasion shop, and the vannerie of the Queen, and pause in front of the cobbler's, where, in a musty bower of boots, shoes, and slippers, sits Fretin, the old shoemaker, his coat off, his lean legs covered with woollen stockings, a pair of huge iron spectacles upon his nose. The wife of Fretin is by his side, assisting him at his trade. Above their heads is scrawled on a round bit of pasteboard, "Here one blackens and brushes shoes."

At the corner of the Rue Saint-Antoine and the Impasse Guéménée, beneath a statuette placed in a blue niche, a knot of people have collected around a cart upon which M. and Mme. Sans Chagrin are hoarsely interpreting old popular French chansons. Two richly dressed and beautiful children are looking down at the busy doings below, from a balcony of the Hôtel de Mayenne.

We pass the inn dedicated "To the Children of Bacchus," where "one is given to eat and to drink," which fact is sufficiently indicated, without this sign, by a branch of evergreen over the portal. Then we pass the Chapellerie Simon, sacred "To the Red Hat," and by the shop of the silver-smith of the King, dedicated "To the Grand Dagobert," and we linger about the potter's shop and the linen weavers.

By this time we may feel inclined to eat some gaufres, a delicious kind of waffles covered with powdered sugar, which are for sale at an adjacent booth, or, what is more likely, we may enter the garden of the Vacherie Trianon to drink milk fresh from the cow. In their stalls near by are Flemish, Breton, and Normandy cows. The name of each is placed over its stall—Io, Palés, Hébé, Cérés. Directly opposite the Trianon vacherie is an imposing reproduction of the Church of Sainte-Marie. This church, constructed in 1682, was the convent chapel of the Visitation Sainte-Marie. During the French Revolution it was used as a conference hall, and for balls and concerts; to-day the real church has become a Protestant temple. At the top of a spacious flight of steps in front of the church door stand two guards in brilliant scarlet uniforms. The interior is used as a museum, where may be seen, among other things, an iron coffer found in the Chambre du Conseil, lettres de cachet, autographs of Latude, Camille Desmoulins, and De Launay. Besides this there are keys of the Bastile (the great key of the Bastile presented by Lafayette to Washington is at Mount Vernon), and a panorama of scenes of the history of the Bastile.

Coming out from the church, a sudden twist in the street now brings us in full sight of the Bastile. At this point the Rue Saint-Antoine be-

A BIT OF OLD PARIS RESTORED.—Drawn by Paul Audra.—[See Page 595.]

comes very spacious, and the huge fortress, with its grim, time-stained walls and towers, looms up before us, conveying an impression of majesty and immense strength, mingled with nothing that is tawdry or mean.

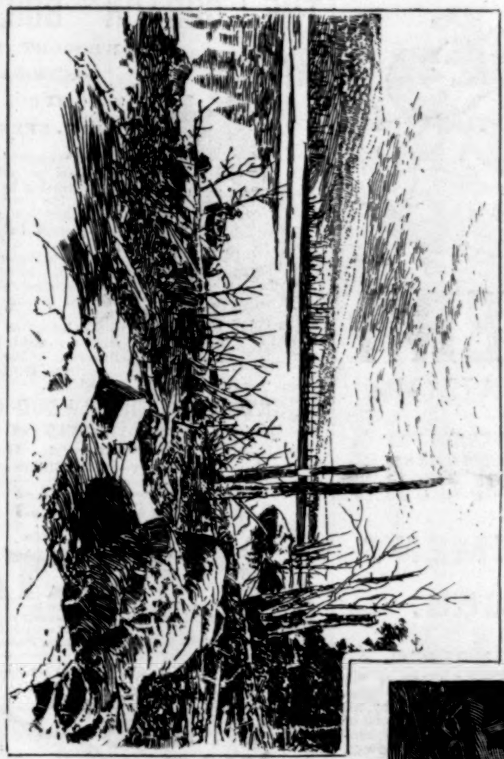
At the right end of the Bastile, between the Tour de le Comte and the Tour de le Bazinière, is the drawbridge, let down over a moat filled with ugly-looking water. At the right end of the Bastile rises the old Arc Saint-Antoine, while at the base of the fortress cluster a row of rude booths, in one of which Verdier, "a master of the esbauchoir," is modelling bass-relief portraits, while at another Cagliostro and the Oracle informs the public by means of a lurid sign that "Here one predicts the future for five sols."

There are many amusing shops besides in the neighborhood. An old chemist's, from whose ceiling hangs a stuffed alligator—*abeste profani!*—and festoons of salutary herbs, and on whose shelves are clumsy surgical instruments and queer old blue and white pots containing drugs. Then there is a shop of faience, a tobacconist's, a boulangerie, an éventailliste's, a printer's, "at the end of the Quarter," and "Messire Godard's," the "master tailor of the King," where some very pretty coats, waistcoats, and small-clothes are on view. Lastly, at the corner of the Rue Saint-Antoine and the Rue Jean Beau Sire, is the shop of Robir the perruquier, where is the facetious sign, "Here to-morrow one is shaved gratis."

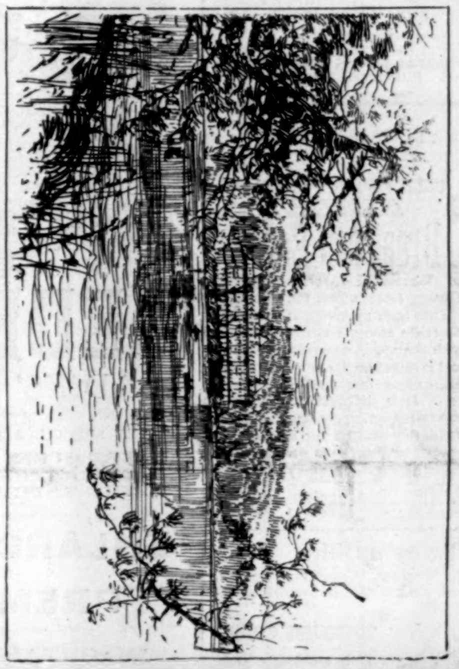
In the upper part of the prison are the cells; the lower part is fitted up as a theatre, where a dramatic and musical entertainment is given twice a day, "identical," we are told, "in all points with those which the comedians and singers of the past century gave before the subjects of Louis XVI."

Outside, in the wide part of the street, mountebanks and jugglers are performing, and at stated intervals in the afternoon and evening a prisoner escapes from a high window of the Tour de le Bertaudière, is shot at, and finally captured by the guards.

The visit to old Paris is at an end. As the guide-book observes, "What more curious dream than for a man of our day to find himself suddenly in front of this mysterious prison, to cross its drawbridge, to walk under its high walls, to traverse its sombre corridors, lighted only by narrow breathing slits which are obstructed by enormous iron gratings?"



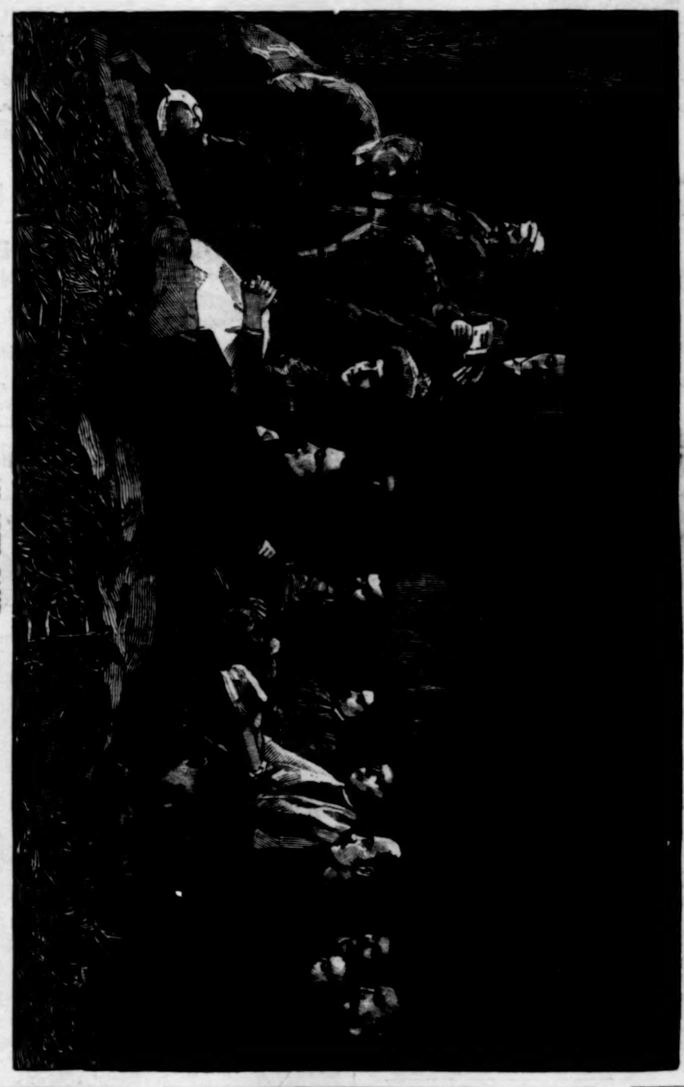
MOUNT MORRIS, FROM OUTLET OF TUPPER LAKE.



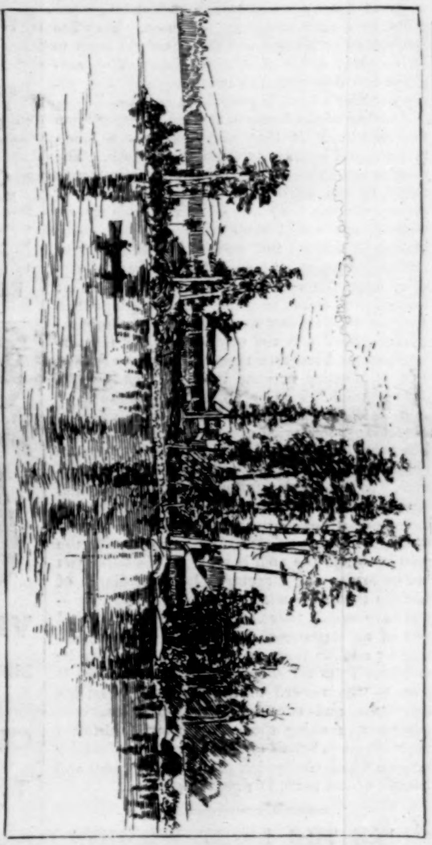
ON BLUE MOUNTAIN LAKE.

HEAD GATES AND OVERFLOW OF UPPER CANAL.

AMPERSAND MOUNTAIN, FROM BARTLETT.



AN OPEN CAMP.



CAMP ON RAQUETTE LAKE.

VIEW NEAR SARANAC INN.

CARRY AT BUTTERMILK FALLS.

HUDSON RIVER AT LUZERNE.

VIEWS IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—From Photographs.—[See Page 591.]

BETTING ON HORSE-RACES.

Between 1877 and 1886 it was against the law to do public betting on horse-racing in the State of New York. The interdiction was removed by the passage in the Legislature of what is known as the Ives bill. Of the reasons advanced in favor of betting upon horse-races by those who effected the removal of the interdiction upon it, the one most strongly urged was that betting was necessary to the maintenance of a general interest in the sport, that without this stimulus horse-racing would languish, and that consequently emulation among breeders would be checked, and the improvement of stock retarded. The apprehensions of some even led them to look for a most startling retrogression, and to fear that in the absence of betting racers would fall back to the speed of cab horses, and cab horses to the deliberation of oxen. It is not necessary at present to consider the justice of these fears, for public betting upon the race-track is now permissible, and there are three distinct ways by which the condition of horses can be maintained and improved.

Mr. Barnard's picture represents the style of betting which is known as betting by auction. In this the bidders bid for certain privileges. One is the right to pick out the winning horse; another, to pick out the second horse; and another, to back all the remaining horses. It is a costly style of betting, and the breed of race-horses ought to be a good deal improved by it. The kind of men one sees about the auctioneer's stand are the kind whose diamonds are noticeable, and who carry thousand-dollar rolls of money in their trousers pockets. Betting with them is not a tentative pursuit nor a means of mild excitement; it is business, coolly and systematically followed every day in the year. Everybody has seen at one time or another their greenbacks leap forth—little rolled-up fortunes—ready to be wagered upon a race-horse, a pedestrian, a pugilist, or a man sweating in a boat. They are the priests of chance, and their pockets seem to be so many caves of Aladdin; though appearances are deceitful, and it is not likely that every gambler's bond is good for a million.

Another of the forms of betting in vogue upon the race-track is that provided by the bookmakers, and another is the mutual pools. The bookmaker affords the English way. He stands ready to bet against any comer, the odds, of course, varying. As he makes the odds to suit himself, one would think that he stood small chance of losing; but such is the fallibility of human judgment, even when tempered and sharpened upon the race-track, that the book-maker occasionally comes to grief. More popular than the way which either the auctioneer or the bookmaker provides is the way afforded by the mutual pools. The system comes to us from France, and is popular because it is easy and cheap. Mutual pool tickets cost only five dollars each, and at Sheepshead Bay there is a supply for the exceedingly low price of two dollars and a half. The most diffident and inexperienced person can obtain them with celerity and without awkwardness. Say you buy a mutual ticket on a certain horse; if that horse wins, you and the others who have bought tickets upon it share all the money invested in the pool, less four per cent. for the men by whom the pool is run. If the horse you bet on loses—and it seems to be a peculiarity of fortune that such must generally be the case—you have merely your pasteboard ticket to remind you of an unsuccessful operation. In the betting by auction there is also four per cent. to be deducted from the successful bidder's profit. It goes to the reward of the auctioneer and his assistants, and encourages and benefits those gentlemen, making them strong and faithful in their efforts in behalf of the wider and profounder scheme which has in view the encouragement and benefit of the horse business in general.

LIKE THE LIGHT WEIGHTS

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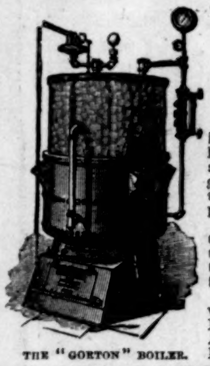
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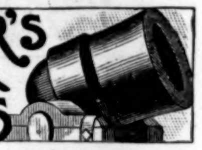
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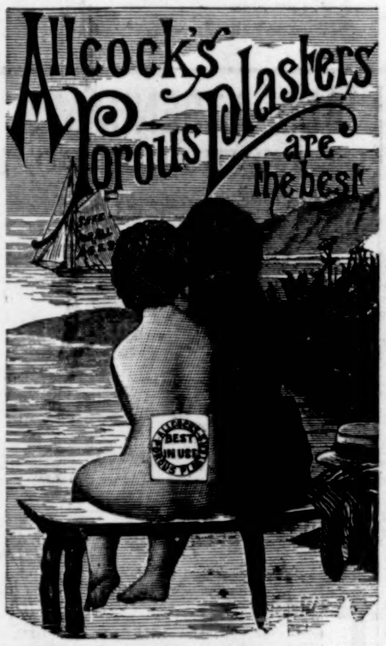

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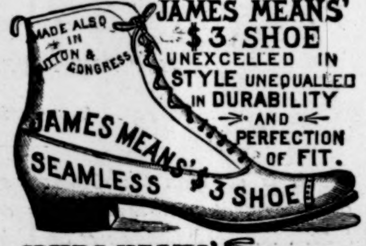

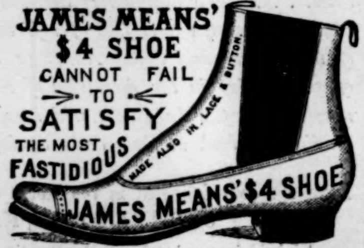

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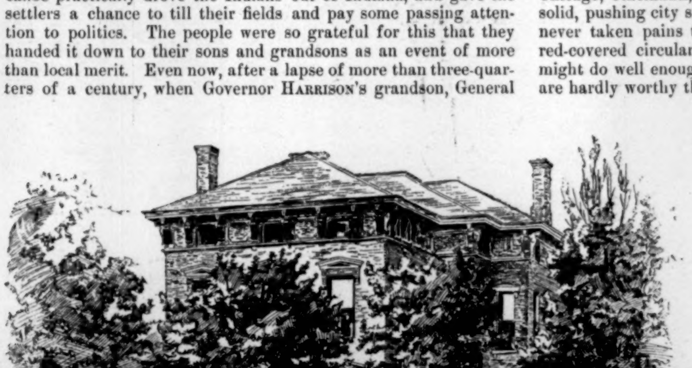
THE CITY OF INDIANAPOLIS.

SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY, AUGUST 11, 1888.

HAD some thrifty New England town been moved bodily to the eastern bank of the White River, in Indiana, and enlarged by the usual process of Western growth to a population of 125,000, the result would be a fair counterpart of the present city of Indianapolis. Practically this is the history of the Hoosier capital. Although the level plain on which Indianapolis stands never received the material part of any New England town, yet a considerable number of New England people, who had voyaged down the Ohio River as pioneer settlers early in the present century, made it their permanent home soon after the State Capitol site was fixed there on June 7, 1820.

These settlers were noted alike for their piety and their ability to fight Indians. The piety was an inheritance generations strong. Even in the frontier wilderness, where, for the most part, might was right, it ruled with an influence hardly less potent than in Boston itself, and gave the young Indianapolis the appearance of a transplanted New England village. This Puritan character had been strengthened to some extent by the exigencies of life in the wilderness, for every man had become a law unto himself, and occasionally unto his neighbor. The early settlers had been developing the strong points of their characters since the spring of 1780, when three hundred boat-loads of them had come down the Ohio River as far as the falls at Louisville. Some of these people went on down the river to the Mississippi Valley settlements; others went over into Kentucky; while the rest remained to become pioneers in the Northwestern Territory, which was organized on October 5, 1787. These were the first actual white settlers in Indiana, although as early as 1765 there had been a few French families in the neighborhood. As the French intermarried with the Indians, and did nothing more than they were actually obliged to in the way of hunting, fishing, and tilling the soil, they could not be counted as settlers. In 1772 the commander of the English forces in America ordered them to leave, as in 1769 the British Government had forbidden the settlement of the Northwestern Territory, on the ground that it would ultimately become an independent country and deprive English merchants of its trade. The Frenchmen, however, declared that their lands had been given to them by the French king, and refused to leave. Some years later they took the oath of allegiance to the United States.

The Declaration of Independence had the effect of throwing the Northwestern Territory open to settlement. Dozens, then scores, and at length hundreds of God-fearing, Indian-fighting settlers floated down the Ohio and went into the wilderness. Naturally most of them remained within easy reach of the river; but some pushed on into the interior, which must have seemed a great stroke of luck to the scalp-hunting Indian. The settlers went to work so earnestly that in 1800 it was thought best to parcel off Indiana Territory. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON was appointed governor on May 13, 1800. The population was at that time 4875, including the French. The most important settlement was at Vincennes, which had been a French hamlet for many years. The first meeting of the Territorial Legislature was held there on July 29, 1805. A period of uneventful Indian fighting followed. In 1811 the Indians had become such undesirable neighbors that Governor HARRISON organized his famous Tippecanoe campaign, the decisive battle of which was fought on November 7. The battle of Tippecanoe practically drove the Indians out of Indiana, and gave the settlers a chance to till their fields and pay some passing attention to politics. The people were so grateful for this that they handed it down to their sons and grandsons as an event of more than local merit. Even now, after a lapse of more than three-quarters of a century, when Governor HARRISON'S grandson, General BENJAMIN HARRISON, is a candidate for the Presidency of the nation, Tippecanoe comes spontaneously to the surface as a campaign catchword.



GENERAL HARRISON'S HOUSE.

With the Indians effectually crushed and dispersed, the settlers began to think seriously of improving their condition. Their first work of a public nature was the removal of the capital from Vincennes to Corydon, in Harrison County, in 1813. The new Territory had grown with surprising rapidity, in spite of the Indian troubles, until in 1816, when it was made a State, it had a population of 63,897. Four years later the population had increased to 147,178—a rapidity of growth that has rarely been exceeded. The State was growing at such a tremendous rate at this time that it was thought advisable to move the capital to some spot near the geographical centre. The site of Indianapolis was chosen, and at once platted and surveyed, but Corydon continued to be the seat of government until June 10, 1825.

When the capital was actually located at Indianapolis the town lots had nearly all been bought up, and many buildings had been erected. People came from all parts of the State to make permanent homes in the new city. They were mostly old settlers, who had taken an active part in the founding and development of the State, and they brought their hard-earned experience, their hard-headed common-sense, and their religious fervor with them. Grow as it might, with all the enthusiasm of a Western land boom, it never could escape the moral influence of that Puritan piety. Only once did the city break from the straight and conservative path; that was in 1873 and 1874, when the unexpected collapse of the land boom mowed down Indianapolis fortunes like grass in the field. An inflated currency had sent the prices of town lots flying. Unfortunately the people mistook the inflation for a genuine increase in values, and acted accordingly. For a time the city went crazy with speculation. As the population was then about 50,000, the excitement was enough to drive even the old Puritans out of their commercial senses. Corn fields near the city were staked off into town lots and sold for $200 each—the purchaser paying $10 down, and giving a mortgage for the rest. After a while the boom reached its limit; then came the crash, which, for the completeness of its destruction, has hardly had a rival in the United States. Only two or possibly three men in the entire city escaped bankruptcy. It was found that Eastern insurance companies held most of the mortgages. There may be something more relentless than the Eastern holder of a Western mortgage, but, if so, the Western people are not aware of it.

With mingled feelings of shame and grief the Indianapolis people set to work to rebuild their broken hopes. It was no easy task. Public confidence in the ability of Indianapolis to get upon her feet again was slow in gaining strength; the failure of a bank now and then did not tend to improve it. Indianapolis lost ten banks in thirteen years; the six banks that remained, however, did as much business as the original sixteen. After a time the people began to rise, one by one, from the dust and ashes of ruin and despair, and to again make their way along the road to prosperity. They proceeded cautiously this time, and wisely refused to buy what they could not pay for. All are on their feet now, and are pushing ahead with renewed confidence. Although most of them are persons of some means, yet few of them are actually rich. Millionnaires are as yet painfully scarce in Indianapolis. Cities and towns farther west, that are at present delirious with land booms, or are striving desperately to get them, should heed well the experience of Indianapolis in this matter; it may save them many bitter hours of humiliation.

Despite the ruin and loss caused by the boom's untimely end, Indianapolis did not cease growing for a day. People came flocking in steadily, and building houses and places of business until, in 1880, when the last census was taken, the population footed up a total of something like 75,000. Now the number of inhabitants claimed is 125,000. To the Eastern man, who had supposed that most of Indiana was engaged in moving out to Kansas and Nebraska, these figures are surprising.

Indianapolis has been in the past so largely overshadowed by Chicago, Cincinnati, and St. Louis that few people know what a solid, pushing city she has become. The fact is, Indianapolis has never taken pains to properly advertise herself. The few small red-covered circulars that the Board of Trade is now circulating might do well enough for a cross-roads boom in Arizona, but they are hardly worthy the serious attention of Indianapolis. There is an excellent chance right here for the people to build themselves the largest manufacturing city in the West. With the exception of Chicago, it is the largest railway centre in the country. More than a dozen different railroads enter Indianapolis on their own tracks, while the connections from other roads are unusually numerous. The railroads recently combined and built a union station at a cost of $500,000. The train sheds are 750 feet long and 150 feet wide. It is one of the handsomest and most convenient stations in the country. Architecturally considered, it is by far the best building in Indianapolis, although the honest Indiana tax-payers, who put $2,000,000 into the State-house, will be slow to admit it.

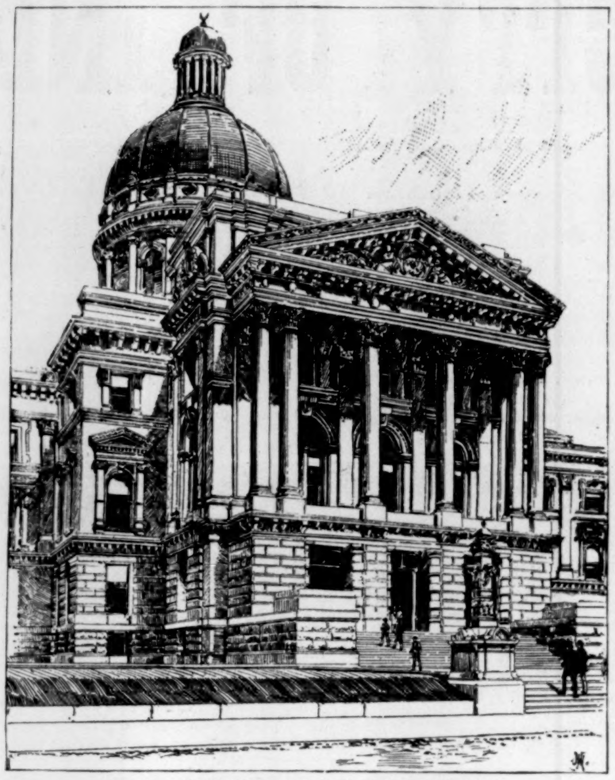
The completeness of the railway connections is the chief reason why Indianapolis should become a large manufacturing city. Another reason, almost as important, is the existence of large fields of natural gas within twenty miles of the city. As this gas supply, which is practically inexhaustible, is controlled entirely by the consumers, the price of fuel for manufactories will be reduced to a very low point. The manner in which the people of Indianapolis forced the Standard Oil Company out of the field and gained control of the gas business is one of the most interesting public movements ever known in the West. Natural gas was discovered in Indiana in December, 1886. The belt extended west and southwest from the Ohio State line to Noblesville, Hamilton County, about twenty miles north of Indianapolis. In the spring of 1887 the same old Standard Oil monopoly that has controlled the kerosene oil business for so many years bought an interest in the Hamilton County field with the view of supplying Indianapolis with gas. The Guffey Syndicate, from Pittsburgh, made a similar investment. When the Standard sought to get into Indianapolis it met with unexpected opposition. The people would have none of it. They knew the ways of the Standard too well to trust themselves in its control. The Standard, in trying to get a franchise, found that in at least one place there were public men who could neither be bribed nor threatened. The people would not do business with the monopoly on any terms. They said, "We will burn soft coal all our lives rather than pay one cent to the Standard monopoly." The Indianapolis Natural Gas Company was then formed by local men of means to supply gas to the city. It had influence enough to have an ordinance passed that prevented the Standard from working. Then, in a fit of rage and disgust, the oft-victorious Standard acknowledged itself defeated and gave up the fight. The local company bought out the Standard interest, and subsequently took in the property of the Guffey Syndicate. Now that the local company had the field to itself, it applied to the city council for exclusive rights for five years, at an advance in rates of fifty per cent. The Puritan side of the Indianapolis character straightway flew into a towering rage. One monopoly had just been driven off by force of public opinion, and here was another, of local origin, far worse than the first! This was too much for the hard-working citizen, and he declared with surprising vehemence that this sort of thing must be stopped. On the night on which the monopoly's application was to be acted upon, the people crowded about the council-chamber and in the corridors of the Court-house by hundreds. Their blood was up, and they demanded justice. The councilmen were as thoroughly frightened as though a whole tribe of Miami Indians were reaching for their scalps. There was no monopoly franchise granted that night.

UNION RAILWAY STATION.

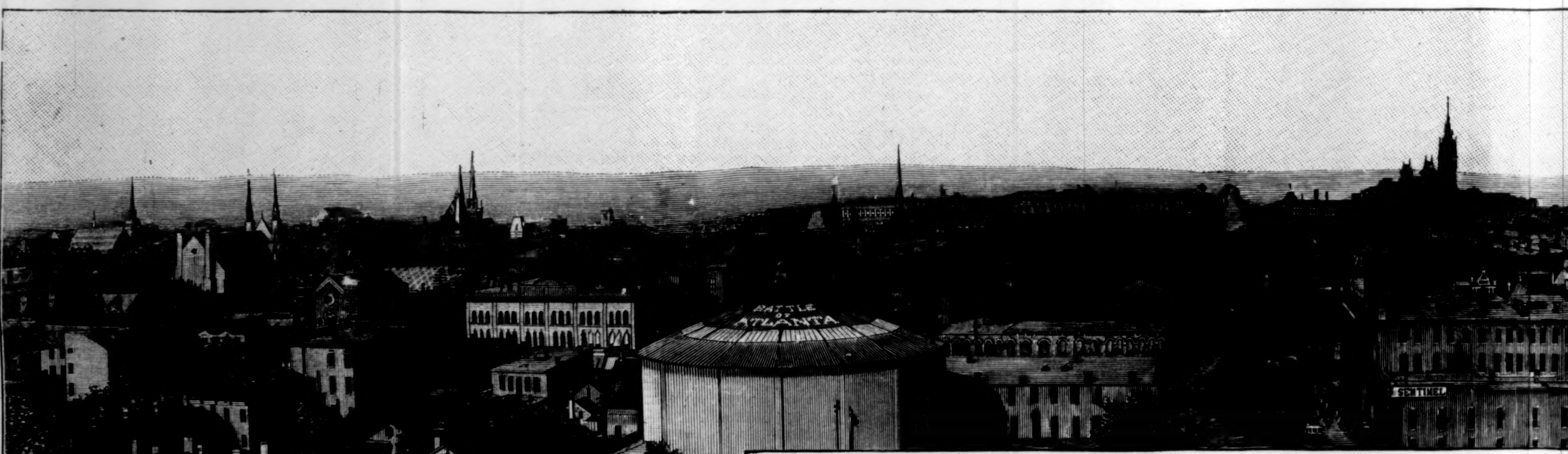
On the following day a spontaneous meeting of citizens was held at the Board of Trade. The idea had become general in a single night that the householders must supply themselves with gas. A committee of five lawyers and five business men was appointed to draft articles of organization of a citizens' company. It was proposed to furnish gas at prime cost to consumers. The capital stock was fixed at $500,000, in shares of $25 each. The stock was all taken in sixteen days by four thousand seven hundred different persons. The largest shareholder owned $5000 worth of stock. Between eight thousand and ten thousand people pledged their custom to the citizens' movement, and refused the reduced rates of two other embryo companies. When the new trust was organized, all the stock was assigned to five trustees to be held and managed for the common good. It is proposed that when all the debts of the company have been cleared off, and the stockholders have been paid back the amount of their stock with eight per cent. interest, gas shall be furnished at cost to every one. It is expected that by this arrangement the price of gas for fuel and light can be reduced to about $3 a year for each family. The company has now all the gas territory that it needs. It has a sixteen-inch gas-main leading from the wells to the city, and it expects to put down one hundred miles of pipe in the streets before the snow stops work.

In this movement of the incensed Indianapolis people there are two things worthy of earnest consideration by residents of other places. One is the complete overthrow of the Standard monopoly scheme and the curbing of a local monopoly, and the other is the advantage of concerted action in the matter of fuel supply. Had the people of the Pennsylvania oil regions taken as determined a stand against monopoly as the Indianapolis fuel users did, there never would have been any Standard octopus. It is not entirely too late now for the people of the country to begin with the Standard and prevent the growth of monopolies. The Indianapolis experiment of furnishing her own fuel at cost will be watched with a great deal of interest by other cities that have it in their power to act in a similar manner. If the work is successfully carried out, as it certainly ought to be, there is no reason why every town and city within reach of a gas field should not supply its own fuel at very little cost. Several towns in Indiana have followed the example of Indianapolis, and have already organized citizens' companies for the supply of gas.

THE SUBSCRIPTION FOUNTAIN.


FRONT ENTRANCE OF THE STATE CAPITOL.

THE BOARD OF TRADE



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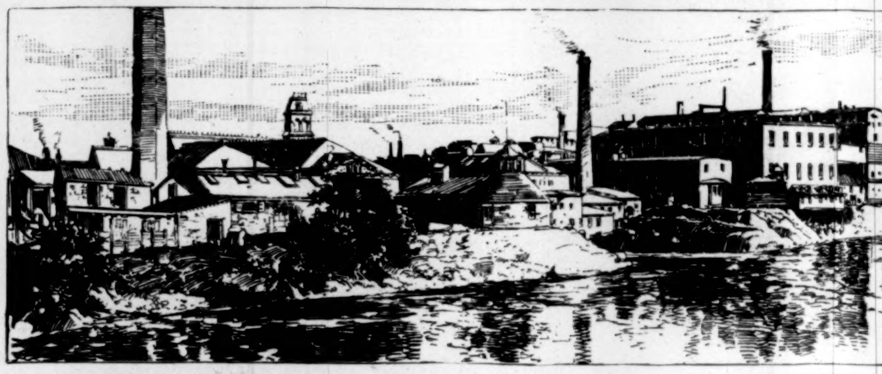
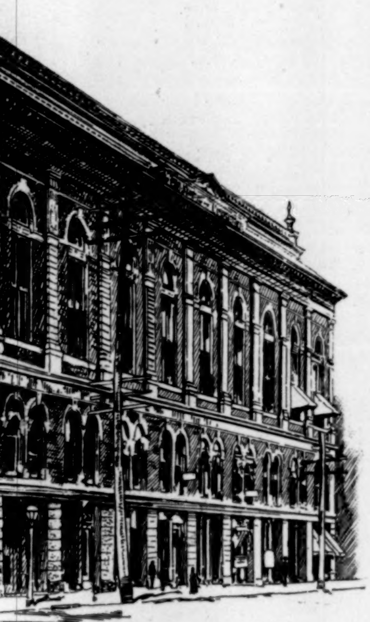

THE WHITE RI

MARION COUNTY COURT-HOUSE.

WASHINGTON ST

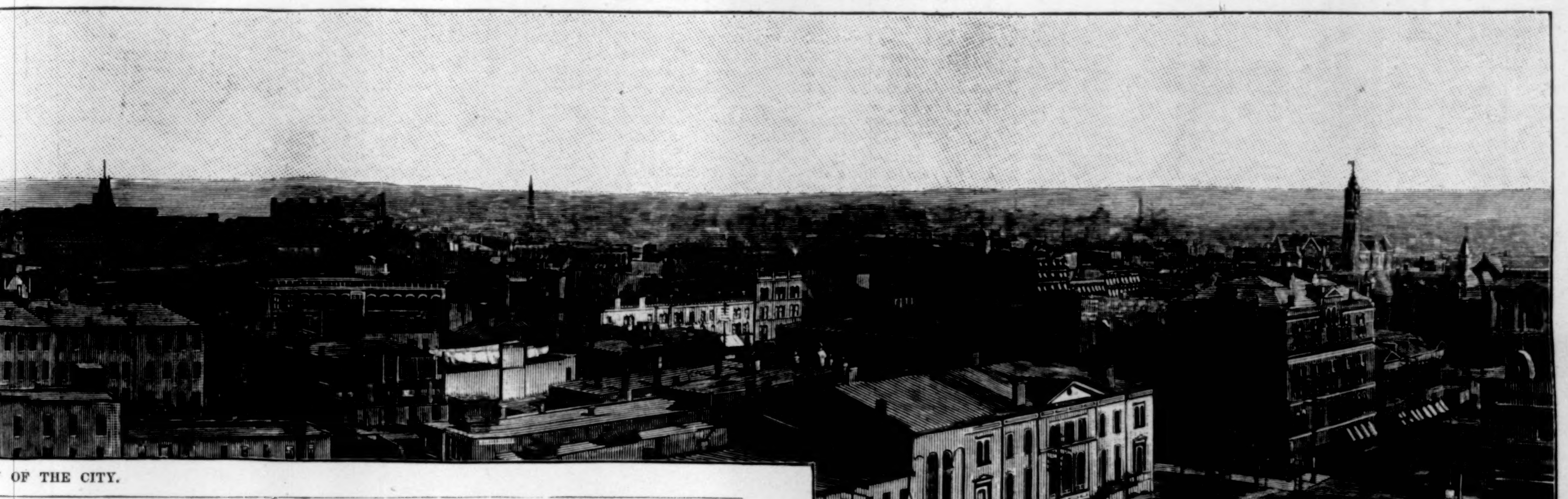
THE CITY OF INDIANAPOLIS.—From P



DE BUILDING.

ENTRANCE TO THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING.

THE COLFAX MONUMENT.



OF THE CITY.

RIVER.

STREET.

TOMLINSON HALL.

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